

W O R O N I

Scavenger Hunt

Mixed Senseless

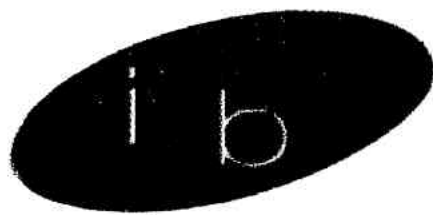
Law Revue

Baxter Attack

ANU Students Dance

SUSHI
WEEK

issue 6 vol 55
July 2003



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Wed 6th August - Jimbo



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Sat 2nd August - Captain Kirk



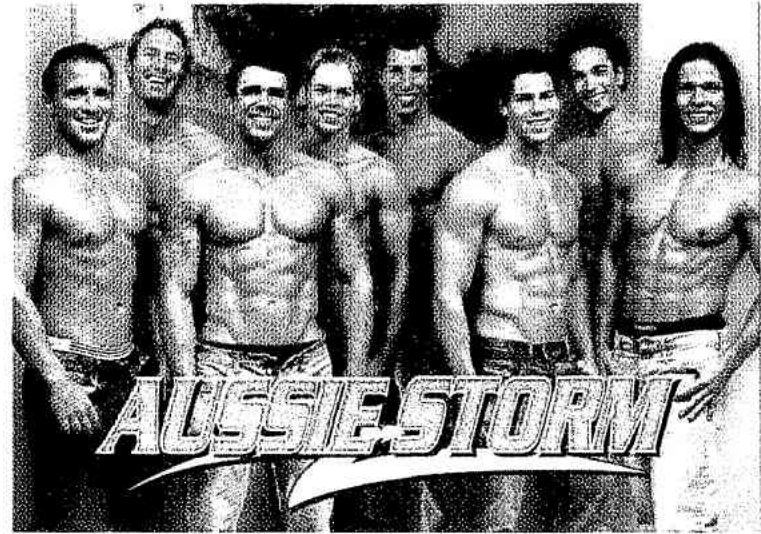
Sat 16th August - Andrew James



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5
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BLDG 19, NORTH ROAD, ANU

WORONI

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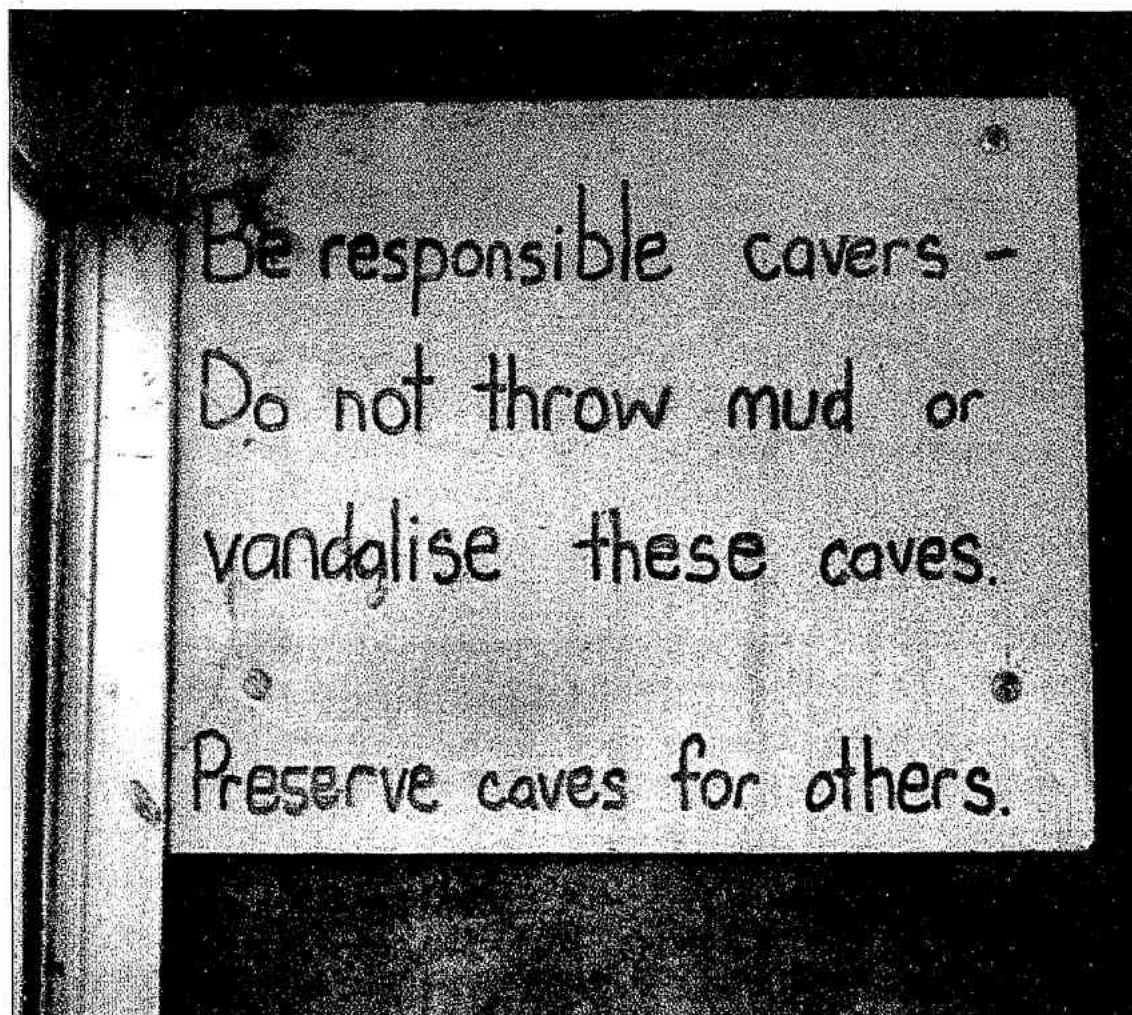
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Are you listening, Scav Hunters of 2003?

Gary Humphries
Senator for the
Australian Capital Territory

Woroni!

...laughin' hard at the "Don't arrest me, I'm not a terrorist" looks on the faces of the above protestors. They carried the coffin (centre) to the office of an illustrious former ANU SA President to mark the "death of higher education".

Thousand and
Three
Issue 6,
Volume 55
bush week, baby

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Photos: Nich Farrelly
Cover: Nich Farrelly got up early to enjoy the ice. This photo is his *Ice-man Cometh*, 3 July 2003, North Canberra.

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Directors of Student Publications:
Trish Gray, Steve Michelson, David Mills

Love and kisses: Sue Farrelly, Stephen Still, Michelle McWilliam, Bronwyn Evans, the lil' red car and its owner!

Kick in the ass:
You know who you are! Bastard Bastards.

Woroni is the official magazine of the ANU Students' Association. The views and opinions communicated in this magazine are not necessarily those of the editors or anyone in the Students' Association. If you are still reading the fine print after 6 issues of Woroni 2003 you are what we like to call a "Woroni Star". You can come in and pick up a free book just for being so damn involved in campus publishing. we really mean that. Out-freakin'-standing! Woroni can be contacted on (02) 6248 7127 by phone, (02) 6125 3967 by fax, or by email at woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au Cool guys can visit us in our office in the Students' Association building. We like visitors.

...in full support of Sadie's bid for half of Jude's money/assets. We hope the cheating cad is left with only his shirt on his back and his "Sexy Sadie" tattoo on his arse.



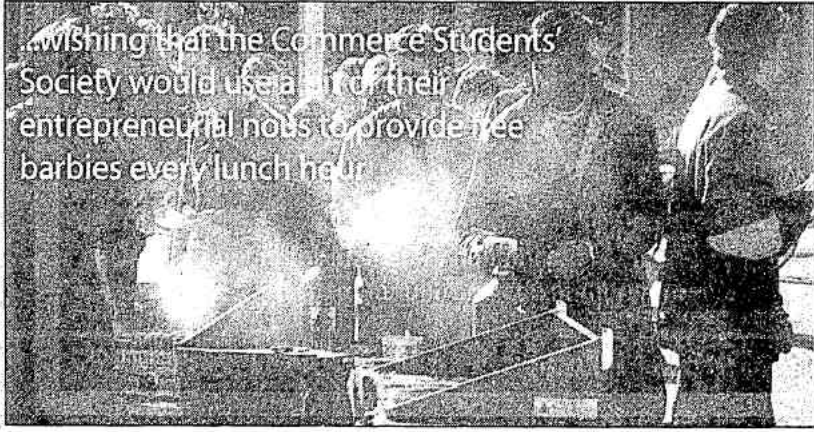
...wondering what happened to the anti-war movement? Is the 2003 Moratoria revival gig over?



...wishing Delta a speedy recovery...

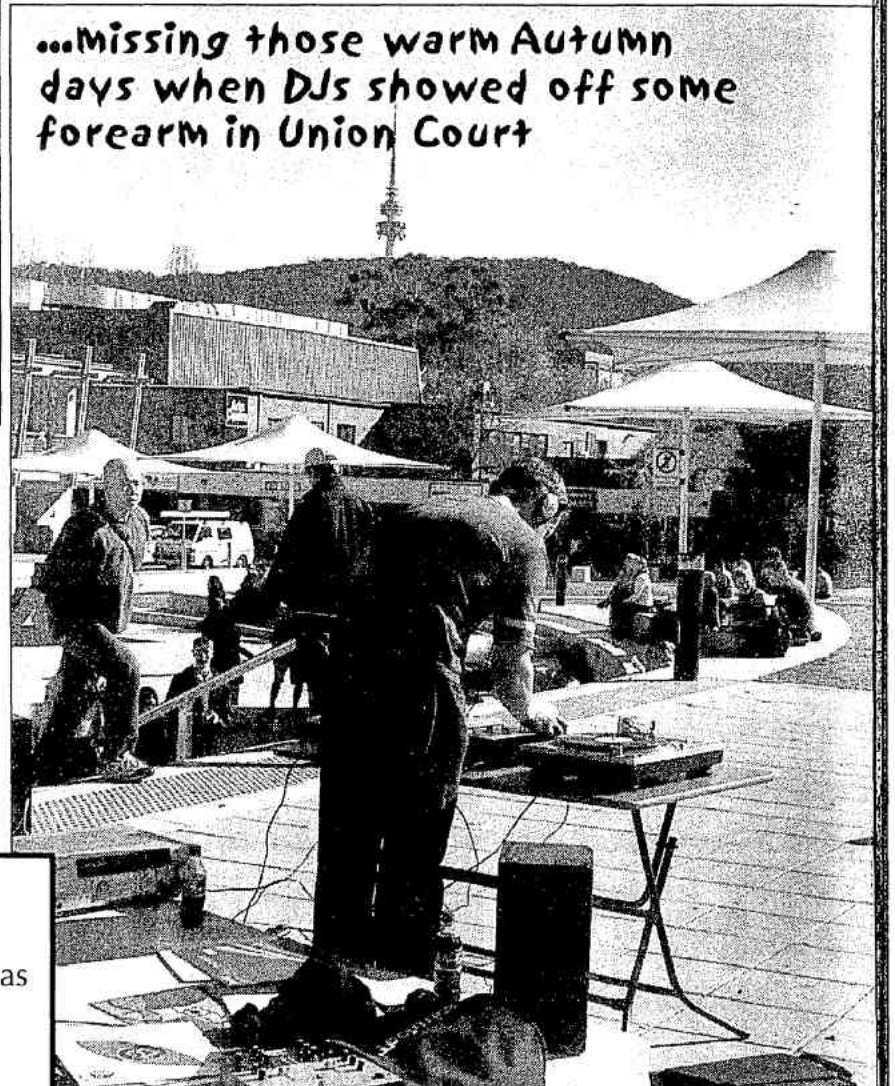


...mourning the death of Russia's sniffer cat Purrlock Holmes. He was assigned to the Special Salmon and Sturgeon Smuggling Squad and performed his cuties with distinction. He was taken out in a gangland style "accident" in mid July. Purrlock is survived by two young kittens and his widow, Sparkles.



...wishing that the Commerce Students' Society would use a bit of their entrepreneurial nous to provide free barbies every lunch hour

...looking forward to Scav Hunt, slightly wary about the no-pee policy at Spa Wars...



...missing those warm Autumn days when DJs showed off some forearm in Union Court

...lovin' the letter we received which reads:

I wanted to write and say how stunningly handsome I find your new opinion writer; Chris Prunty. Even if he is further right than Mussolini, my friends and I all find him to be a very attractive man. Is there any way to find out whether he is single?

Beth O'Rourke
2nd Year Arts/Science

...LOVING DEAL OR NO DEAL \$\$\$
Finally something better than Catchphrase

not happy kyriacou!

I've just read the interview with the NUS President Daniel Kyriacou, featured in the June issue of Woroni. It alerted me to the fact that something is very wrong with the current student union situation.

From what I can understand, it works like this:

- Compulsory student unionism means that as a person attending the ANU you MUST join the ANU student union (costs approx \$200/year)
- The ANU student union is a part of the NUS (National Union of Students), for which we pay \$22,500 every year to the NUS.

Thus, by simply attending university you are forced to support the NUS.

What does the NUS do with our money? Daniel states in the article:

- "I don't draw the boundaries for NUS in campaigning for educational issues..."
- "these medicare changes are going to affect university students..."
- "the war I think really was an issue for the entire community... I'm proud to say NUS will continue that campaign..."
- "Refugee rights is something that NUS is really, really concerned about..."
- "Peace is a union issue..."
- "Human rights are a union issue..."

So the NUS is not limited to education but is representing us on a broad range of issues that they feel passionate about. No, Daniel did not refer to any specified charter or aim, nor give any clarification as to what their goals are. Who knows what they will support next year?

Not only that, but "hopefully for other trade unions education is also a union issue." Does this mean that coal miners are supposed to support NUS rallies? Are we just part of the "Big Union Family" now, generally campaigning against anything the government does?

So, the bottom line is that in order to attend University, I have to contribute money towards aims that I might be completely opposed to. Meanwhile of course, the thing these unions will use our money to fight MOST VEHEMENTLY against will be voluntary student unionism, because that would mean a huge cut to the size, wealth and power of their organisations.

I don't want to support the NUS

in its current incarnation, if at all. I appreciate Woroni and clubs and other ANU union-funded things, but I don't want to join my student union if it means supporting the NUS's lobbying of the government on points I disagree with.

Daniel claims the NUS stands for human rights. What about the human right of getting an education without supporting someone else's political ideals?

Sincerely,
John Fletcher

debatus studentus

I am writing this letter in response to the interview of the NUS president in the June issue of Woroni. I have long been in the camp that believes we need to seriously reconsider our membership in the NUS, therefore I eagerly tore through the interview. Unfortunately the interview is little more than empty rhetoric mixed in with the ability to dodge issues.

There were a variety of astounding claims that Daniel Kyriacou made. The first is his initial assertion that NUS brings so much to the ANU campus. This assertion is made continuously throughout the interview. Initially Daniel asserts that NUS gives "a whole bunch of things ... students don't notice", citing "things like Campus life", "campus culture" and "clubs and societies". There seems to be a lack of a causal link between the former 2 propositions and the NUS. Given that most students don't know what NUS even stands for, let alone what it does, I have to prima facie disagree. The third assertion is also a strange one to make. Clubs and societies get their funding from the Students Association (SA) who use \$70,000 of ANU students GSF money to fund them, I am unaware of any club or society that receives any funding or other direct aid from NUS. Admittedly the NUS did oppose the ACCC attempt to illegalise Compulsory student unionism, they oppose alot of things, but I don't attribute this success to them. They failed to even list this as one of the 2 main issues at the last NUS national conference. The major issues were the war on Iraq and how GATTS affected students.

The NUS is good at claiming success (eg, "I'm very confident this package can be blocked, and if anyone can claim credit for that it's going to be student organisations and that's a massive achievement"), Daniel does so throughout the interview, but I question the effectiveness of the NUS. The

NUS secretariat has widely been criticised as incompetent, several years ago when Maciej submitted proposals to them pushing reforms they lost them and were therefore unable to be presented/voted on. Daniel speaks of reforming the system, giving us vague promises, but this rhetoric has been used for years, and no reform has occurred. The reality is the NUS is incredibly factionalised and given we have only 17 votes, and Monash alone has over 100, we have no chance of getting reform if we pursue change at a conference that hasn't passed them before, and has given no indication it will do differently this time.

I believe that the NUS can serve a useful role, but at present it does little for the ANU. We have no voting power on the Exec even though every other state does, and no state branch. Nothing Daniel says suggests this will be changed. Additionally the ANU has a different campus culture to somewhere like Monash. There is little grassroots connection between the SA and the students, even less so than other universities. Students do not participate en masse in protests, and I certainly have never seen any "information and research packs" or received any sort or updates from the NUS. The interview in Woroni is probably the first many students have heard of them. NUS has no accountability. No financial records detailing how the money is spent is ever published, or presented, to the general student body.

The way to reforming the NUS so that it provides us with a branch office, voting powers like those of Tasmania, newsletters, a website that has some actual content and better student representation is to use the only leverage we have. Disaffiliation. It's only by threatening this that they will consider change.

Jeremy Farrell

god lovin'

Dear Sir/Madam
"Spirituality" is in fashion these days. Religion isn't. Spirituality is supposedly about searching for meaning. Religion is about finding meaning. Which isn't quite the same thing. If you're in "searching for meaning" mode, you can live any way you like. If you happen to find meaning, it will change you. Because meaning itself (i.e. religion) is something initiated, not by you, not by current trends, but by God. It comes at a price -- obedience. It comes with rewards -- absolutes to live by. "Spirituality" without

God, without religion, is anaemic -- the ultimate cop-out. Its popularity with the young is unfortunate. When it lets them down, suicide can result.

Yours sincerely

Arnold Jago

amazing...

I am amazed at Daniel Kyriacou's (NUS president) claim that he attacks the government on the basis of preventing equity and diversity when NUS does the same thing. I don't agree with the Howard Governments policies, but NUS is a body that prevents both equity and diversity withing (sic) NUS through the continued support of factions. So long as every NUS president must be from NOLS and every General secretary from Unity the NUS conference will always be dominated by the same factionalised system that lacks accountability and grassroots participation among students. ANU will continue to have no relevance given it's limited voting power, and the NUS conference will continue to be a piss-up paid for by students where everything important is decided months in advance, the secretary loses our proposals and hours are spent debating ridiculous motions like whether transexuals should be able to run for womens officer, despite the absence of any such candidates.

Jeremy Farrell

tree-killin' vermin

Dear Sir/Madam
Australia used to be a child-friendly nation. Now the feminists have our political parties terrified. Whatever anti-family scheme they demand becomes bipartisan policy, e.g. subsidised child-minding centres, affirmative action quotas etc.. The greenies consider human babies tree-threatening vermin. Both major parties, ready to sell their souls to get anybody's preferences, now try to "out-green" each other. No Australian party today supports the traditional family where Dad earns the wage and the children get Mum's undivided attention. Until Australia's policies start recognising marriage and loyalty to family as something binding and sacred -- something demanded of us by Almighty God -- things won't improve. Children will go on being aborted -- and the survivors being abused.

Yours sincerely

Arnold Jago

Woroni Loves Letters

SA Election Chaos

By Peter Graham

A tongue-in-cheek motion passed at last years AGM has thrown the annual Students' Association elections into chaos, with election operator Elections ACT refusing to be bound by its conditions.

The motion, put forward in jest to annoy the dominant independent faction, bans use of the letter *i* for election ticket names. Elections ACT have indicated to the SA that they will not conduct the election if such arbitrary and discriminatory conditions remain.

Attempts by current SA president Steve Michaelson to have the motion reversed at the Students' Association AGM in June were not successful when a

number of students left the room during the debate, rendering the meeting inquorate. Michaelson has hit out angrily against the situation "we can't expect to get quorum if certain moronic individuals are determined to undermine the so far cohesive work of this association. The irony is that students are not interested in attending meetings because petty squabbles and political shit-fights seem more important than what really matters to students."

The Students' Association constitution requires that the elections be held in the last two teaching weeks before the September break, forcing the SA to either find another election operator or try again with a Special General Meeting.

Editorial: Student Elections Lessons from the Past

By Maciej Wasilewicz

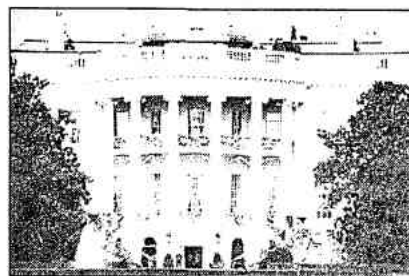
In 1996 when the scrutineers opened the ballot boxes to start counting the votes in the Students' Association Elections they found several 'wads' of votes tied together all written in the same handwriting, all for the same candidate. Clearly something was suspicious.

William Mackerras, who was charged with investigating the 1996 scandal, concluded that a candidate had cheated by inserting the extra votes. This was possible because the elections were run by students who were hired by other candidates to the election. Mr Mackerras recommended that in the future the Students' Association hire an outside company to run the elections in order to ensure that they are run impartially. Since then, the ACT Electoral Commission has run Students' Association general elections.

Though there has been time enough now to be able to look at the whole incident with a smile, nothing is funnier than the fact that the failed election cheat of wad-gate was too incompetent

to lodge a sufficient number of votes to change the result of the election. Instead, Matt Tinning was elected the Students' Association President, the first of a line of non-party aligned presidents that has stretched to this day.

Although there may be very few students left at the ANU with a recollection of the 'wad-gate' scandal, it is important that we try to avoid the mistakes of the past. In line with that, I encourage everyone to attend the Special General Meeting early this semester to remove the funny, but inappropriate rule in our constitution that does not allow the use of the letter 'i' in ticket names.



Matt Tinning is now working as a lobbyist in Washington DC. It just goes to show how far honesty, integrity and the springboard of the SA Presidency can get you.

ALP Releases Education Policy - Slowly

By Nikki McPherson

Just days after the release of the first part of the new ALP Education Package, "Aim Higher: Learning, Training and Better Jobs for More Australians", the Liberal Government has criticised it as a weaker version of the "Knowledge Nation" package.

As a continuation of their opposition to deregulation of university fees, the ALP plans to abolish full-fee paying places for Australian undergraduate students. Leader of the ALP, Mr Simon Crean stated "This is all part of the beginning of our education policy to make education affordable and available." Dr. Brendan Nelson, Minister for Education, has criticised this initiative, stating that it would "...cost universities more than \$70 million in lost revenue, which will need to be replaced, discriminate against Australians who want to pay their own way in favour of students from overseas, and create even greater unmet demand."

The HECS repayment threshold will be raised from just over \$25,000 to \$35,000, under the new ALP plan. This will mean that students will have more time to establish themselves in a well-paying job before they are required to begin repaying their HECS debt. Dr. Nelson, in response, pointed out that the Liberal government

is raising the HECS threshold to \$30,000, and called these new initiatives "...re-warmed 'meatball' from 'noodle nation.'"

The ALP has also committed itself to establishing 20,000 new TAFE places throughout Australia, as 15,000 students missed out this year, despite having earned a place on merit. The Liberal Party condemned this policy and charged the ALP with hypocrisy as they have not opposed the states' policies involving raising TAFE fees with no loans schemes.

The ALP plans to move maths and science courses down to the lowest HECS bracket, which will save students around \$1,600 each year. This is intended to encourage students to take up these courses which, in recent years, have suffered a decline in enrolment.

300 new three year fellowships are to be offered to PhD students under the new ALP education plan. Jenny Macklin, Shadow Minister for Education, stated that this "...will reduce the flow of home-grown talent overseas."

Dr. Nelson called this a "...simplistic, populist" copy of their own "Backing Australia's Ability" programme.

Whilst the new ALP education package has apparently been costed, the way that it will be funded has yet to be announced. The ALP plans to release the remainder of this package in the coming weeks.



The second last week of first semester saw 24 students hold a funeral for "Higher Education". Another 4,500 undergraduates were attending the funeral for student activism.

Bakery Announcement

The Campus Bakery is proud of their apprentice pastry cook, Edward Carey, who has been awarded the prize from the CIT for the Best Apprentice Stage II Baking (Bread making/Pastry cooking). The award is on behalf of the Faculty of Tourism and Hotel Management.

ROCKS Proposal to Reinvigorate Edge of Campus

By Petar Milinkovic

Since the 1970's, a block of weatherboard huts next to the ANU originally built to house post-war migrants, have been home to countless organisations, including research groups, theatrical groups, environmental activist groups, and the Food Co-op. But a new proposal, put forward by the ROCKS (Residents of Childers and Kingsley Streets), a coalition of nine broad based organisations, will see the redevelopment of the site, known as section 21. Under the proposal, section 21 will become a 'state of the art complex of buildings and landscapes', which, according to the ROCKS coalition, will set a new benchmark for environmentally, economically and socially sustainable urban living and working.

While the eventual facilities that the redevelopment will

bring are yet to be finalised, some of the options being looked at include spaces for small business with cultural and environmental interests, a child care centre, bookshops, tourist information centres, workshop, seminar rooms, student rental accommodation, and new community facilities.

Whatever form the development takes, the ROCKS coalition is working to ensure the development will be at the 'leading edge [of] sustainable design', and provide an 'informal, relaxed atmosphere and sense of community'. The ROCKS Redevelopment Project is currently in stage 3 of development, and members of the community are invited to get involved.

For more information, or to view the Proposal and have your say, go to www.rock.org.au, or contact Gabrielle Breen on 0421 822 217.



Section 21 is used by a diverse range of individuals.

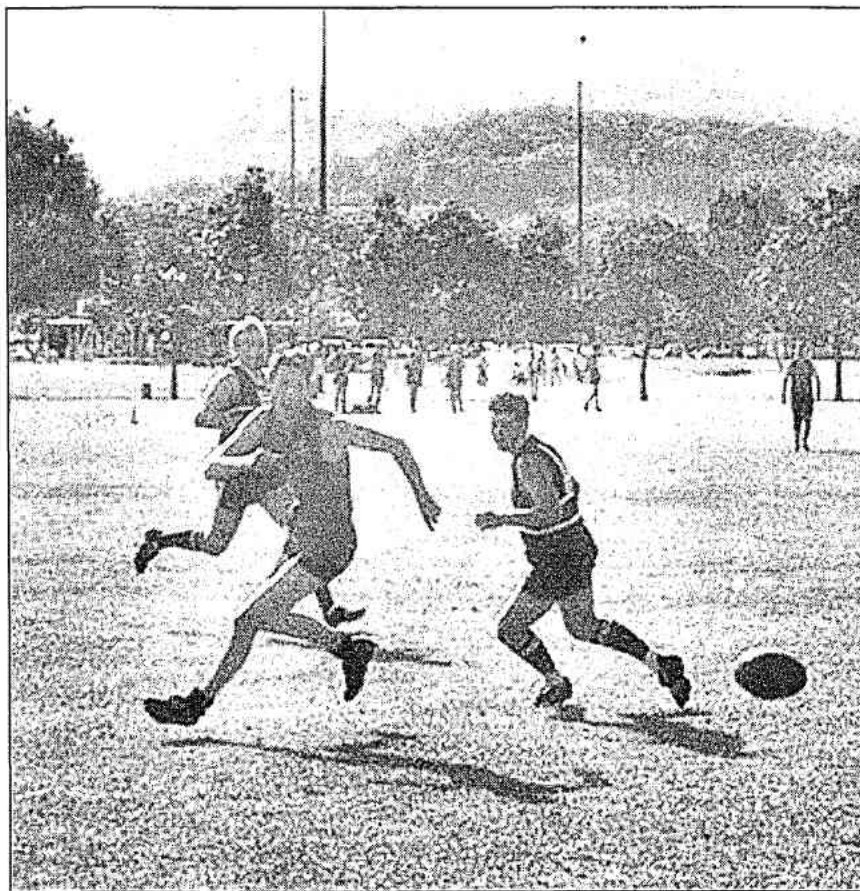
Eastern University Games a Mixed Bag for the ANU

By Simon Stanistreet

For those who don't know the Eastern University Games (or the catchy acronym EUG) is a yearly inter-university sporting competition competed in by tertiary institutions from NSW and the ACT. It has been going since 1993 under various incarnations and is as a friendly but competitive week of fun and sport that attracts around 3500 competitors from up to 29 different tertiary educators each year.

Why, I hear you ask, would over 3000 students bother to uproot for a week and belt off to some strange city all at their own expense only to suffer defeat after defeat at the hands of The University of Sydney. The answer, I tell you, is that its bloody good fun. That's right, in all my impromptu interviews with attendees of this and past games its more about the parties than the game. Training is assumed to have taken place sometime earlier, grudges are left on the court and all other hours are spent getting drunk in a new environ with your fellow ultimate frisbeers, volleyballers etc.

The event does, however, have a serious side. Its function extends into the establishment of qualifying spots for the Australian University Games held in later in the



ANU AFL in action at the Eastern University Games

year (September/October). Therefore the competition for top spot is often quite stiff.

Our results for this the 2003 Eastern University Games held at Coff's Harbour and hosted by the Southern Cross University's campus in that city were not that flash. However hats off to the brilliant exploits of the victorious women's volleyball team which kicked ass, and also to the men's team, which came a close second. Not forgetting the

success of the men's AFL who came third in their respective divisions.

Now all this may come as a surprise to many of you as while it is widely known there is a university games of some sort, the who, the how, the where, and the when all seem to elude most of us. Even I, a self confessed squash junkie, was neither informed nor approached about an ANU squash team. I later found out

it was because there wasn't one (truth be told I wouldn't have been selected anyway but this is not the point). This general lack of both knowledge and enthusiasm is unsurprisingly reflected in the ANU's performance, which to spite the efforts of a few intrepid teams and individuals did rather poorly. Below is a table of the sports offered and how the ANU team (if we had one) preformed and I warn you; if your patriotic fervor for this university is easily offended look away now. But all is not lost, so get behind the cause! Get out, have fun and remember next year.

ANU EUG Results

Men's AFL	3 rd
Ultimate Frisbee	7 th
Men's Volleyball	2 nd
Women's volleyball	1 st
Men's Soccer	3 rd
Women's soccer	last place
Women's Touch	16 th
Mixed Touch	6 th
Men's Touch	16 th
Men's Rugby union	10s 9 th
Women's netball	10 th
Women's hocky	8 th
Men's hocky	9 th
Women's (6ks), Jessica McMahan	27:35 10 th
Mens 12k, Robert Sirr	46:10, 12 th
Women's basketball	10 th
Men's basketball	16 th

Why Mobile Phones are Evil:

Chris Prunty

Am I the only person on the face of the earth who does not own a mobile phone and has no desire to? My problem with mobile phones stems not only from how they are used but the fact that people use them at all.

Do you think mobiles really interfere with the navigational systems of planes? Think again. Airlines know that if they left the 95% of passengers who own mobiles free to talk in such a confined space all their crews would mutiny.

Only two other people I know do not own mobile phones. Perhaps this says I need more friends, or perhaps this is representative of the mobile phone virus. Anyway, I questioned one of my friends on why he doesn't own a mobile. His response: "Mobile phones teach us to become lazy subservient creatures without any common sense. I do not possess a mobile phone. I do not want brain cancer - I'm quite happy with just the lung cancer. Why did they ever get rid of messenger pigeons?" Ok, so the guy's a hippie, but he does have a point. Mobile phones breed dependency, and fascists, like me, hate dependency in all its forms.

My hippie friend's statement also raises another interesting point: society functioned well enough without phones before the revolution, so why do we depend on them so much now? Is it laziness or is it some deeper malaise?

I like the idea of a deeper malaise, so I'll go with that. I am often asked how I cope without a mobile phone, but I am often asked how I cope generally, so questions of this nature are no surprise. I find that having never had a mobile phone, I do not suffer. Sure, there are times when it would be *convenient* to own a mobile, but not having one just forces me to be a bit more organised and to think a bit more about what I am doing. Most people will do anything rather than think.

People's reliance on mobile phones is a symptom of a sick society. Apart from the whole dependency thing, the idea of owning a mobile phone does not appeal for two fundamental reasons. Firstly, mobiles put the user in constant contact with the world and they are therefore at the mercy of other people's expectations. I put this theory to some mobile owners and those who were able to construct a coherent sentence (their minds not addled by radiation or grammar skills not diminished by frequent SMSing) felt that constant contact was not a problem, because they believed that they could

Both Barrels

This month, two of our devoted readers go head-to-head over that classic social divider:

ARE MOBILE PHONES EVIL?

screen their calls or not give their mobile numbers out to certain 'undesirables.'

Like so many things at university, this seems like a nice idea in theory, but I suspect that it would be much harder to put into practice. As I understand it, the caller would be aware that their number is stored and the phone would tell the user that they have something termed a 'missed call' or alternatively, the caller would leave a message in something called a 'message bank.' Either way, there is an expectation that the call be returned. In the case of not giving out numbers, well, in reality these things get out - I can't tell you the number of times I've called someone and the first thing they've asked me is "how'd you get this number?"

The second reason mobile phones are cancerous (not literally, I hope) is because mobile phones make the user accountable. When people are accountable to others they lose their independence and more importantly, lose the ability to plead ignorance. This idea is closely allied with that of being in constant contact. If the individual becomes accountable to everyone who has their number (friends, co-workers, parents) then they lose their freedom, and this can't be a good thing. Perhaps I am a misanthrope, but I like being accountable to as few people as possible. It fits in well with the whole 'think for yourself' vibe I like to exude.

There are two pubs in Cambridge where mobiles are banned, I would like to think that this is because of some deep philosophical dislike of mobiles, but it probably has more to do with the fact mobile phones are annoying. Obviously, my problem with mobiles goes a little deeper than the obvious frustration with those who are without adequate phone etiquette; the evil spectres of dependency, constant contact and accountability are the reasons why I would encourage you to not own a mobile phone. Viva the counter-revolution!

Chris Prunty is a Leo, has been described as 'ruggedly good-looking', likes to think of himself as a poet-warrior and considers drinking to be a legitimate indoor sport.

**In Defence of Mobiles:
Damien Hollingsworth**

"People without mobiles are the new dickheads" - *Dave Hughes on ABC's The Glasshouse*

To put it simply, I couldn't agree with Dave more. It's not that people without mobiles annoy me because of their constant inability to be contacted, although that's certainly an issue. No, the problem I have with non-phone owners is the fact that they have to make such a big deal about it. "Actually I don't have a mobile, I don't need one," they say in tones that suggest they have discovered a cure for cancer, or found that road map that everyone in the Middle East is looking for. They are so proud of themselves, as if it is such an accomplishment to survive in the modern world without a mobile, and they'll certainly tell you so.

While Mr Prunty's article lists reasons not to own a mobile, which will be dealt with later, he ignores the primary reason for mobile phone ownership. This isn't convenience, independence or even security, but image. TV (a medium that I know and love) has taught me that "image is everything." When I see good looking people walking around an aquarium, flirting because of the colours on their mobiles I know that without a phone I am nothing. Sure I could try and fill the gaps in my personality by developing communication skills, and occasionally bathing, but it far easier to buy the new Nokia with polyphonic ring tones.

The importance of mobile image has not escaped the fashion gurus either. My girlfriend's Cosmo is constantly informing me of the *haute couture* trends in phones for the autumn fashion lines. Phones have replaced shoes and handbags as the hot accessory for the modern woman. As long as your 'x-press snap on cover' matches your dress you are guaranteed entry to all the major launches.

But back to the disbelievers. The first reason stated by Mr Prunty for not owing a mobile is dependence. I agree mobiles do breed dependence, but not in the way that he contends. How often have you been out drinking with your non-mobile

carrying friends when they ask to borrow your phone? (without even offering to pay for the call). And it is always you who has to organise a meeting point at 4am to arrange a taxi home. These are just two examples of the dependence that people like Mr Prunty have on mobile owners. As a self proclaimed fascist who 'hates dependency in all its forms' he should be disgusted with himself.

Mr Prunty also states that mobiles stop people from thinking, as if this is a bad thing. As a student I already have enough on my mind, (which lecture to skip, New or VB, whether Ridge will ever find out that he is Mossimo's son) than to try and organise my day.

The second problem with mobile ownership is, according to Mr Prunty, constant contact with the world. While I agree this can occasionally be annoying, the SMS brush-off is a technique that solves this problem. The brush-off goes something like this:

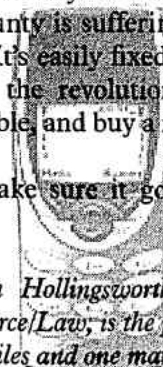
1. You receive a call from someone who you don't want to talk to and you therefore don't answer.
2. Your phone registers a missed call, and the caller knows this.
3. Instead of returning the call, and be forced to listen to the caller whinge about their lack of a sex life, you simply send a text message along the lines of 'sry I msd u hp ur ok cul ☺', or something equally unintelligible that would have Sam Johnson rolling in his grave. (The 18th century lexicographer one, not the Secret Life of Us one. I don't think he's dead. Although if I hear him selling Whopper value meals one more time that could quickly change.)

This technique means that your have kept up the appearance of being friendly, and will therefore still be invited to the caller's party so you can hit on his/her hot friends, all for only twenty-five cents.

Finally, Mr Prunty has an issue with the fact that mobiles make people accountable. This, again, is strange coming from a fascist. I thought fascists loved accountability. It seems to me that Mr Prunty is suffering an identity crisis. It's easily fixed though, give up on the revolution, accept the inevitable, and buy a mobile.

Just make sure it goes with your outfit.

Damien Hollingsworth, fourth year Commerce/Law, is the proud owner of six mobiles and one matching shirt.



Angriest Man on Campus

Our man Krupinski gets his rage on about why Canberrans are so damn trendy.



"Ass Ass Ass."

When I saw Alexandra's project, I still had Woroni's solitary tape recorder stuffed in my bag from another story, and hey, give a boy a new gadget and he'll use it for everything from recording his masturbatory chord-plucking guitar sessions with his idiot friends to getting proof on tape that *someone, somewhere* thinks his indie-boy haircut looks cute... in a skinny, pale, hip-to-be-a-square kind of way, anyway. In the interests of journalistic integrity, then, I've included a transcript of a conversation I had with a former fuck-buddy after the movie while we were slamming back cocktails in the cold canberra night because there were too many dickheads in Trinity:

... All I remember is Gary Sweet's dick and nude push-ups.

It's burrowed it's way into your brain, hasn't it?

In a manner of speaking. [laughs] Yeah.

What about the nipple-piercing scene?

No, I'm done. [leaning towards microphone] All I have to say is that [you're] the cutest guy in Canberra.

Well, I don't know about that. Maybe in the room.

No, in Canberra. Well, except for some of the guys at Gus' ... they're pretty cute.

Yeah, I'd do them.

In the interests of keeping the identity of people that probably should have kept their mouth shut about the staff at a certain café secret, I'll refrain from mentioning names here, but this does raise a point that I've been stewing over for a while now: why is everyone that lives in this sorry skid-mark of a city so fucking mind-numbingly *plain*. Even taking into account the group-shopping fashion complex that Canberrans seem to have about Stocks, it's hard to understand just how a city with a population of what, at least three hundred thousand, produces so many *ugly, ugly* people desperate to look *exactly the same*. I mean, there *are* Vinnies here, aren't there? Surely not everyone has a cushy public-service job that affords them the possibility of buying the same look that the cast or contestants of the latest series of *Home and Away* or *Big Brother* are sporting, but in a pale shade of brown, so *what's the fucking deal?*

Well, maybe they do. Or maybe it's because everyone in this stinkhole is so afraid of standing out from the crowd that they pool their dole cheques each Thursday for a quick trip down to the mall for a pair of Tsubi's, a selection of items from (whoever's) 'earthy winter range'

(hell, better grab an 'orgasm donor' T-Shirt too because, like, they're *so fucking funny*) and a trolley-full of two minute noodles and cat food to tide them over till the next week; or until they leg-hump or grind their way into the bedroom of someone else dressed attractively in beige and wait for them to fall asleep while they raid their pantry for a McCain Easy-Meal.

Orgasm Donor

One way or another, I'll tell you this ... I'm fucking sick of being mistaken for gay just because I don't have spiky fucking hair and look like I spend my weekends playing rugby for Eddies and soaping up with the Headmaster's XI in the locker room. Jesus, you'd think that being reasonably articulate and not grunting at the tits of the first blonde secretary with a *sweet can* that sidles up to the bar and asks for, oh, you know, can I have a vodka and rasberry, automatically means that you want to take it up the clacker. Well, thanks, I'm flattered, but *no*. At least not until I've peddled my anal virginity to a wealthy industrialist for enough scratch to send me on a 6-month tour of Europe and the U.S. with a supply of hard mind-altering drugs powerful enough to erase the memory or at least twist it into something pleasantly resembling a ride on an old clackety washing-machine with a mouth-full of toothpaste. And since I've left that at least seven years too late to be a viable option, it pretty much means just a flat no. (But thanks.)

Which is getting off on a tangent, and likely to be censored beyond recognition, but still a part of my point here. Why the hell is it that simply dressing a little out of the norm, with a certain understanding of *style* or the horror of the King O'Malley's beer-garden look (you know what I mean. You're fucking wearing it, you asswipes) automatically invites ass-peddling in this city? Is there no room for originality or a desire to be different in Canberra? Are we (and by 'we' I mean 'you') so afraid of being ourselves that we've devolved to the level of *dumb beasts*, ready for bovine university or a career in the public service; photocopying our asses at the office christmas party before doing an awkward strip-tease in front of our shit-faced co-workers and barfing next to the nearest waste paper basket?

The answer, of course, for most of you is yes. But I'll finish on this note for those with a ray of hope left on their individual horizons:

Everyone always pays out on the 80's, but when you think about it, no other period this century has been quite as *shit*, quite as emasculating, patronising and lacking in positive distinguishing features as the 90's and early 00's. I'll take a pair of puke-orange flares or a quick blowjob from Gordon Gecko's bit on the side while snorting cocaine through a hundred dollar bill off a hooker's back over college rock, gangsta rap, George Dubya, 'tolerance' and the reality-TV phenomenon any day of the fucking week.

As a matter of fact, bring back the motherfucking 20's, I say. Sure, not all of us can hang out with Gatsby and sip mint-juleps while running down the poor in our bright-yellow richmobiles, but hey, the rest of you don't deserve nothin' but dirt farming anyway, you ignorant peasant scum.

And as for Bush Week ... you can cram that back up your date, you bastards; it'll be just as shit as every O-week from the last 500 years (whatever). No matter how much we big it up with these fucking bumper issues. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm off to work out my own contribution to the scavenger hunt this year.

(A sense of humour for the censorship wankers? 500 points, baby, and a fat line of coke for the first one to guess what's under the black boxes).

APOLOGY

In Issue 2, Volume 55 of Woroni we printed an article entitled 'Highway robbery in a hostile environment.'

This article expressed the opinion that Rod Thomas, as General Manager, was dealing with Union funds in an unauthorised way for personal purposes.

The ANU Students' Association, the Directors of Student Publications and Woroni wish to communicate that sufficient effort was not made to investigate the accuracy of the article, nor were appropriate opportunities offered to Mr Rod Thomas prior to publication. This was a sub-editor's error.

The Students' Association, Woroni and its staff sincerely regret the publication of this allegation.

Such a belief is not, and has not been supported or endorsed by The Students' Association, the Directors of Student Publications, Woroni, or its staff. For any harm or damage that Rod Thomas may have suffered as a result of the publication of this article we are deeply apologetic.

The Students' Association, The Directors of Student Publications, Woroni and its staff apologise to Rod Thomas and would like it to be known that actions have been taken to ensure that such an error will not occur in the future.

CORRECTION

In Issue 2, Volume 55 of Woroni we printed an article entitled 'Highway robbery in a hostile environment.'

This article expressed the opinion that the Union is overpriced and shows little compassion for the welfare of students. However, there were several factual errors on which the author, Alexander M. Tietge, based his argument.

The Students' Association, Woroni and its staff recognise that these inaccuracies are not a true reflection of the state of the Union or any of its staff or representatives.

The ANU Students' Association, the Directors of Student Publications and Woroni wish to communicate that sufficient effort was not made to investigate the accuracy of the article, nor were appropriate opportunities offered to the Union or any of its representatives prior to publication.

Once again, the Students' Association, Woroni and its staff apologise to the ANU Union and would like it to be known that actions have been taken to ensure that such an error will not occur in the future.

Mixed Senseless

By
Jessica
Edquist

Otherwise known as
“Why is my fridge purple?” or “Why does
the Letter B Taste like Chicken?”

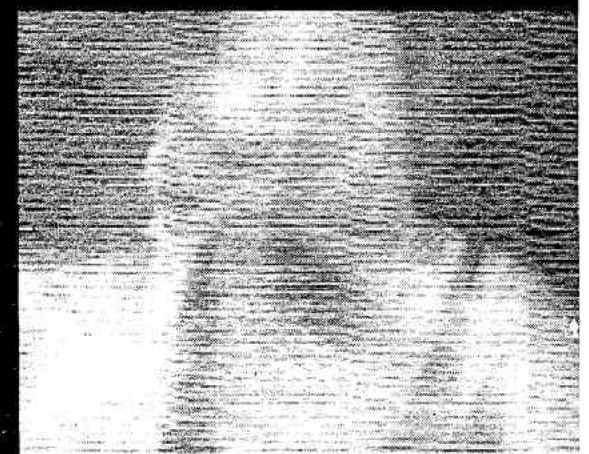
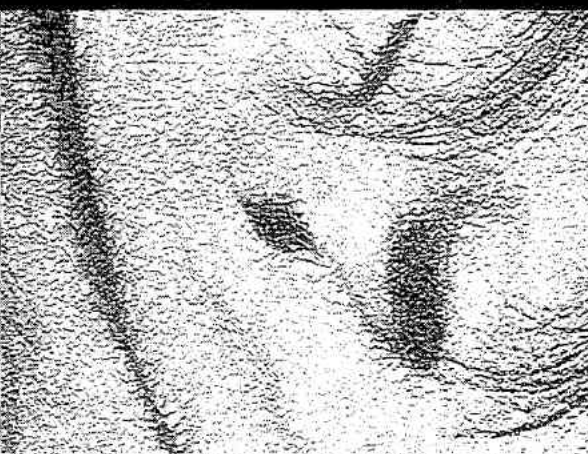
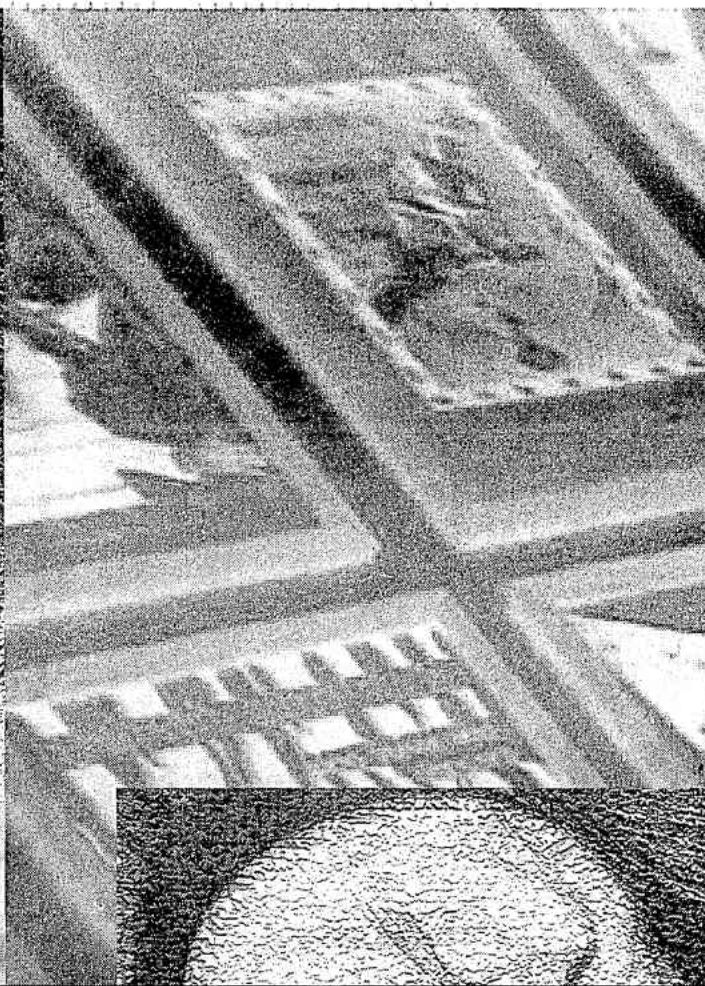
My name is Jessica, and I am a synaesthete. ('What is a synaesthete?' you wonder.) A synaesthete is a person with synaesthesia. ('Great, that helps, now I totally understand!' Okay, I'll try to explain, but it might get a bit complicated...). Synaesthesia comes from the Greek words for 'union' and 'senses'. People with synaesthesia have their senses linked in usual ways. So they might feel a sensation of pointiness every time they taste lemons, as with MW, the Man who Tasted Shapes (check out the book of the same name).

Synaesthetes might insist that particular musical pitches or key signatures have particular colours; Messiaen and Scriabin are both said to have had this type of synaesthesia. A more common form is chromatic-graphemic synaesthesia, in which each letter and digit has its own colour. A famous example of this type is Vladimir Nabokov, who described his synaesthesia in his autobiography 'Speak, Memory'. Sometimes, a synaesthete might have more than one 'concurrent' (synaesthetic perception) for a single stimulus, as with Luria's

famous subject S. S was a professional memory expert, with multimodal synaesthesia as well as a photographic memory. Here is his description of a tone pitched at 2000 Hz: 'It looks something like fireworks tinged with a pink-red hue. The strip of colour feels rough and unpleasant, and it has an ugly taste – rather like a briny pickle... you could hurt your hand on this'. Unsurprisingly, these vivid associations enabled S to remember words and numbers with amazing accuracy for years. The psychologist A.R. Luria spent many years studying S' phenomenal memory, and

described it in 'The Mind of a Mnemonist'. However, he offered no explanations as to how S' synaesthesia might occur. At the end of the 19th century, there was huge interest in synaesthesia. It was the 'in thing' in artistic and fashionable circles, along with séances and mediums. Kandinsky tried to make paintings that the viewer could 'hear', while Scriabin wrote his symphony 'Prometheus, the Poem of Fire' for piano, organ, choir and 'clavier a lumiers' or light organ. This was a contraption which, instead of producing sound when its keys

were struck, produced a beam of coloured light. Unfortunately it is impossible to tell from the historical record whether either or both actually had synaesthesia themselves, or were just expressing the 'sensory fusion' ideas popular at the time. This is particularly difficult as the word was often used to mean merely a general fuzzy notion that the senses should 'go together'. So at dinner parties, not only would the food and wine be matched, but also the décor, the music, and the hostess' perfume! Then came the twentieth century and the Behaviourists.



Behaviourism was a movement in psychology which held that all behaviour could be accounted for as a response to a stimulus. Human learning was supposed to occur the same way as Pavlovian conditioning, and anything that could not be verified without subjective experience did not exist. Because there is no way to get inside someone else's head and 'see' what they are seeing, the only way to learn about synaesthetic perceptions is to ask a synaesthete. The few studies that did ask synaesthetes what they perceived tried to find some agreement across individuals, with little success. They found that many synaesthetes perceive '0' as white and '1' as black – but almost as many perceive '0' as black and '1' as white, and other people have completely different colours! Most of the researchers gave up in despair, and synaesthesia stayed unfashionable for a long time. In the 1980s, two things happened. In the USA, a neurologist (Richard Cytowic) went to dinner at his neighbour's house and was surprised when his

host complained that 'there aren't enough points on the chicken'. In Britain, a 76 year old artist placed an ad in a Cambridge newspaper describing her lifelong 'coloured hearing' and wondering if anyone wanted to investigate it. Psychologists Simon Baron-Cohen and John Harrison took up the challenge, and have been writing about synaesthesia ever since. Now it seems everyone is interested. A Google search on 'synaesthesia' returns 10 pages of results, and a further ten can be found using 'synesthesia' (the American spelling). So what do we know so far about it? Richard Cytowic became America's first synaesthesia expert by default, after releasing his paper on MW and coloured-hearing synaesthete V. From the number of people who have spontaneously contacted him to describe their synaesthesia, Cytowic estimated that about 1 person in every 25,000 is synaesthetic. Baron-Cohen and Harrison placed an ad in two Cambridge newspapers with a combined readership of about 55,000. Twenty-six synaesthetes

responded, so they estimate the prevalence at 1 in 2000. The difference is probably due to sampling bias – the more work people have to do to contact a researcher, the less likely they are to do it! From Baron-Cohen and Harrison's study, we also know that female synaesthetes outnumber males 6 to 1 and that 48% of synaesthetes have an immediate family member who also has synaesthesia. This strongly suggests a genetic basis, probably sex-linked dominant. (Note for non-genetics students out there: dominant doesn't necessarily mean common in the population, just that one only needs one copy of the gene for the genotype to be expressed.) Synaesthesia can link senses in many different combinations, but the most common inducers (things that produce synaesthesia) are sounds, particularly meaningful ones like speech and music. The most common concurrent (synaesthetic perception) is colour. Some synaesthetes say the colour is 'out there' in the world, some that it is in their heads; all describe their





MOMBASA

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VIP NIGHT

1.08.03

FRIDAY

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AFRICAN-REGGAE-LATIN-R&B-HIP HOP
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- * Free VIP Member's card.
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- * Free regular updates on the email on upcoming events.
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- * Free \$50 bar card for you and your freinds to help you celebrate your B/day at Mombasa.
- * Free bottle of Champagne on your B/day.
- * Free 2-4-1 drinks for Office functions / parties before 10pm.

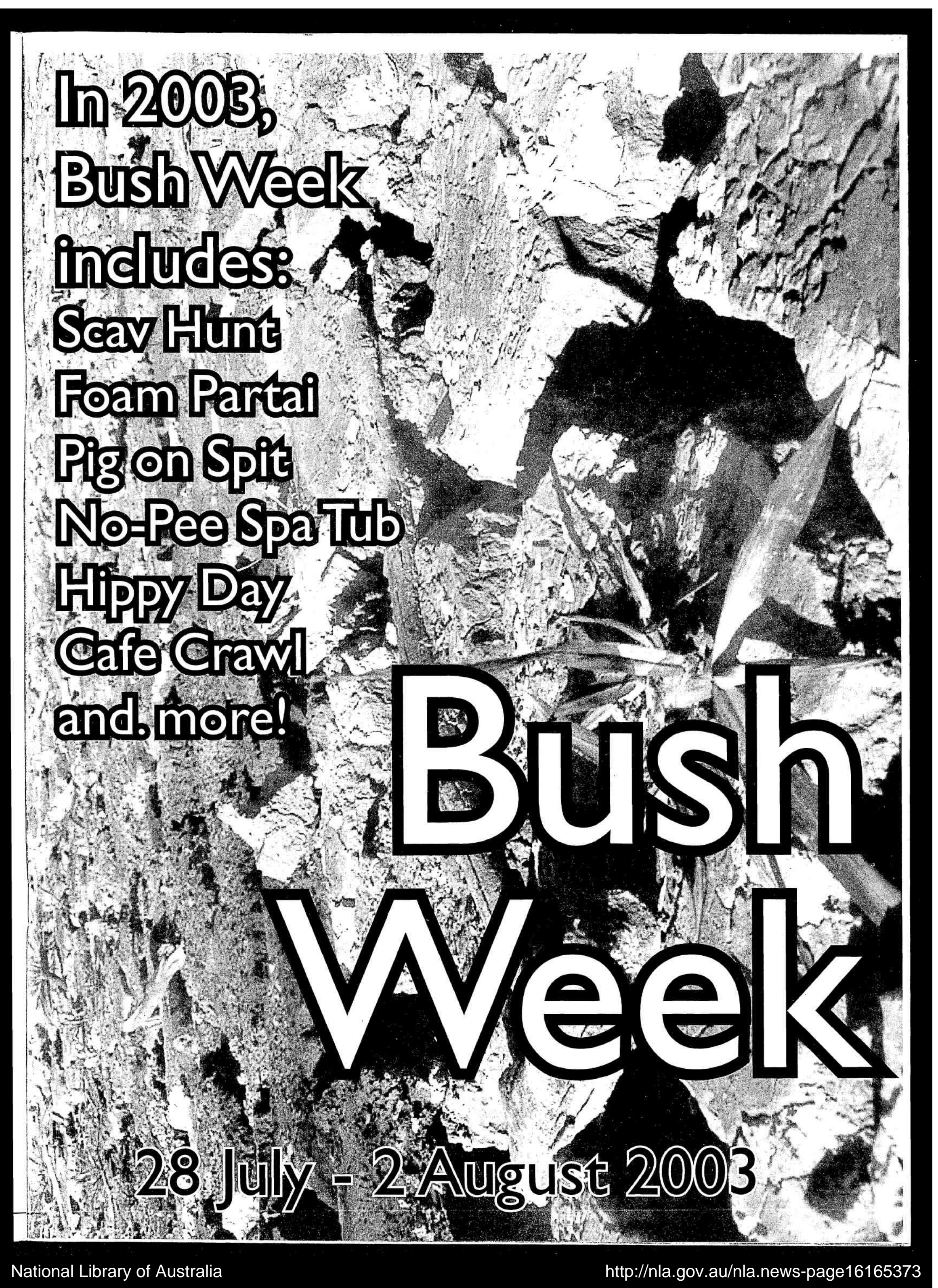
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synaesthetic perceptions as an enjoyable addition to life, not a problem. It has been suggested that synaesthetes are more likely to be creative, left-handed, bad at maths, attention-deficit disordered, and have autistic family members; but any large scale study investigating these factors has yet to be published. Many synaesthetes don't even know they have synaesthesia – they think that everyone knows A is red, or that February is top left, or that paint smells blue, or that the 4th of July is a small yellow square on the right side about halfway up the circle that is the year. Or they might have mentioned it to someone as a child and been told not to be silly. Either way, they don't tend to talk about it much. I found out about my own synaesthesia at age 14 or so, reading a magazine article. I went around for a week or two asking all my friends if the word 'fridge' looked purple to them too (it didn't), then put it down as something vaguely cool and special and forgot about it. Fast forward to the year 2001, and I'm sitting in a third year psychology lecture at the University of Melbourne. Jason Mattingley, the lecturer, is talking about the work on chromatographic synaesthesia

that he is conducting with PhD candidate Anina Rich. They want to know exactly what happens in a synaesthete's brain which causes a letter to be perceived as a certain colour. I volunteer to be part of their next study. Back in the 1950's there was a psychologist called Stroop. He found that if you ask people to tell you the colour of the ink that a word is printed in, they have no trouble with non-colour words ('chair' printed in red) or congruent colour words ('red' printed in red). But give them the word 'green' printed in red, and they will be much slower to name the ink colour. This 'Stroop effect' is because the automatic process of reading interferes with the process of naming the colour: there are two 'colour concepts' active at the same time, so your brain takes a while to figure out which is the ink colour. Someone had a bright idea to see if this worked for synaesthetes, and it's now a fairly standard part of most studies. The letter S is bright yellow for me. When it's displayed in blue, it takes noticeably longer for me to name the ink colour than if it's displayed in yellow. Researchers have done all sorts of funky things with this idea of the 'synaesthetic Stroop effect'.

The Melbourne studies have shown that it also works if a black letter is shown, quickly followed by a colour patch. But if the letter is not presented for long enough that the person notices it, it doesn't cause the usual effect. Rich and Mattingley are working on finding out why, in between collecting the Southern Hemisphere's largest database of information on synaesthetes. I'm in there, along with nearly 200 other synaesthetes. I've been in several experiments too; I've named colours, named letters, pushed buttons, been asked bizarre questions like 'which is darker, avocado or broccoli?' (in an attempt to test my visual imagery skills). I've even had a fMRI (functional magnetic resonance imaging) scan of my brain. (I've got the pictures; I take them out every now and then when I need reminding that I have a brain...) Seriously though, it's been great fun. So much fun that now I'm doing fourth year, I decided to do my own study on synaesthesia. I've discovered that it looks much easier from the participant's side than the experimenter's!

Jessica Edquist is looking for people who might be interested in taking part in her study (no brain scans, sorry, just button pressing). So, if you think you have synaesthesia, or someone you know might, or even if you just want to know more about it (it's pretty darn cool, yeh?), you can drop her a line on u2522050@anu.edu.au.



**In 2003,
Bush Week
includes:
Scav Hunt
Foam Partai
Pig on Spit
No-Pee Spa Tub
Hippy Day
Cafe Crawl
and more!**

Bush Week

28 July - 2 August 2003

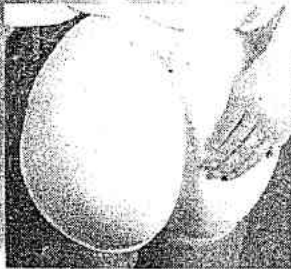
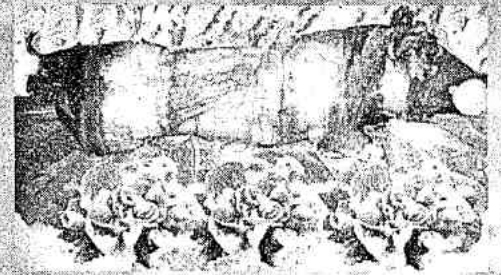
Students' Association

Program for Bush Week

28 July - 2 August 2003

Munchie Monday

There will be a *free gourmet lunch* in Union Courtyard starting at 12.30pm!! There will be one lamb (Leroy) and one suckling pig (Lilly) spit roasted and felafels, bread and salad as a vegetarian option!! So come and get some free food and sign up for the Friday night Foam Party, Coffee Crawl, Steamboat dinner and get further information for the rest of the week!!



Cheeky Tuesday

Starting at 11am and continuing throughout the day the ANU Spa Society will be running a *Spa Wars*. For a small donation you can come (clothed or unclothed) and jump in a hot spa and sip champagne as long as you don't pee. There will be a number of great prizes for the person who stays in the spa the longest and for the people who take off the most clothes (whilst not offending the spectators). This is a fundraising event to help contribute funds to a Swimming Pool at the ANU!!

Starting at 12 noon in the Queer Space there will be a *"Queer as Folk"* Screening with nibbles provided (free entry).

At 1pm the *ANU Disc Enthusiasts* will be showing off their skills in a one off demonstration and free BBQ on Willows oval.

At 5.30pm in the Uni Bar there will be Beer Bingo. Come and play bingo, meet some new people and win free beer and even maybe a snowboard!? Bingo cards, jokes, stories, plugs...just rock up.

Wednesday is Hippy Day...

From 10am in Union Courtyard the Students' Association's *Environment Collective* will have a variety of stalls including organic food, Co-op food, Green peace, Cool Communities and Redistribution Society. There will also be speakers on Indigenous and Environmental issues, live music, famous Environment Collective pancakes and a Chai tent with cushions and tea to chill out throughout the day!! The famous EC will also hold a Bike Maintenance session where you can bring along your bikes and learn how to look after them it. This will begin on the Union Court lawn at 1pm. There will also be bike raffle tickets for sale!!



The *Capoeira Society* will also be performing a demonstration over lunch.

From 12-2pm the Actuarial Society will be *running a BBQ* in the Copeland Courtyard.

The evening event will be a *Coffee Crawl* in Civic! You can sign up for this on the Monday of Bush Week in the Union Courtyard or the Students' Association front office!!

Trash and Treasure (Thurs) day

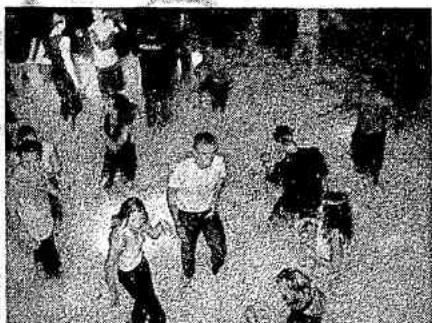
ANU's infamous annual *Scavenger Hunt* will be starting at high noon (12), so come along and watch people make utter fools of themselves in exchange for priceless and eternal uni cred!

ANU Market day will be down University Avenue with an additional stall from the Environment Collective who will be fundraising by selling their famous pancakes and funky accessories as well as providing some very important information on environmental issues!! The bike raffle will be drawn!!!

In Union Court there will be a mini market day for clubs and societies and local businesses running from 11am.

From 12-2 pm in the Union Courtyard come along to the *ANU Muslim Association Cultural Exchange BBQ*. The theme is *goodwill through communication*, so what better than to come in traditional dress? Or because of the cold, a contemporary winter dress version such as a scarf, hat or ribbons in traditional colours. This is a free event and there will be an alternative vegetarian option!

In the afternoon from 3pm - 6pm in the Chemistry Theatre the awesome Students' Association Environment Collective will be showing some *films on forestry, conservation and alternative energy* with nibbles provided!



Thursday night is Student Night at the ANU Bar some come and enjoy a \$5 jug of *Tooheys* between 5 and 6pm.

Funky Foamy Friday

Foam Party!!! - Starting at 7.30pm in the Uni Bar the biggest party ever will be held at the ANU!!! Come and enjoy cheap drinks, a quality line up of DJ's, bands, chilled out winter beats and FOAM!! Tickets can be bought throughout the week at the Students' Association front office or in Union Courtyard on Monday 28th July. Don't miss out on this one cats!!

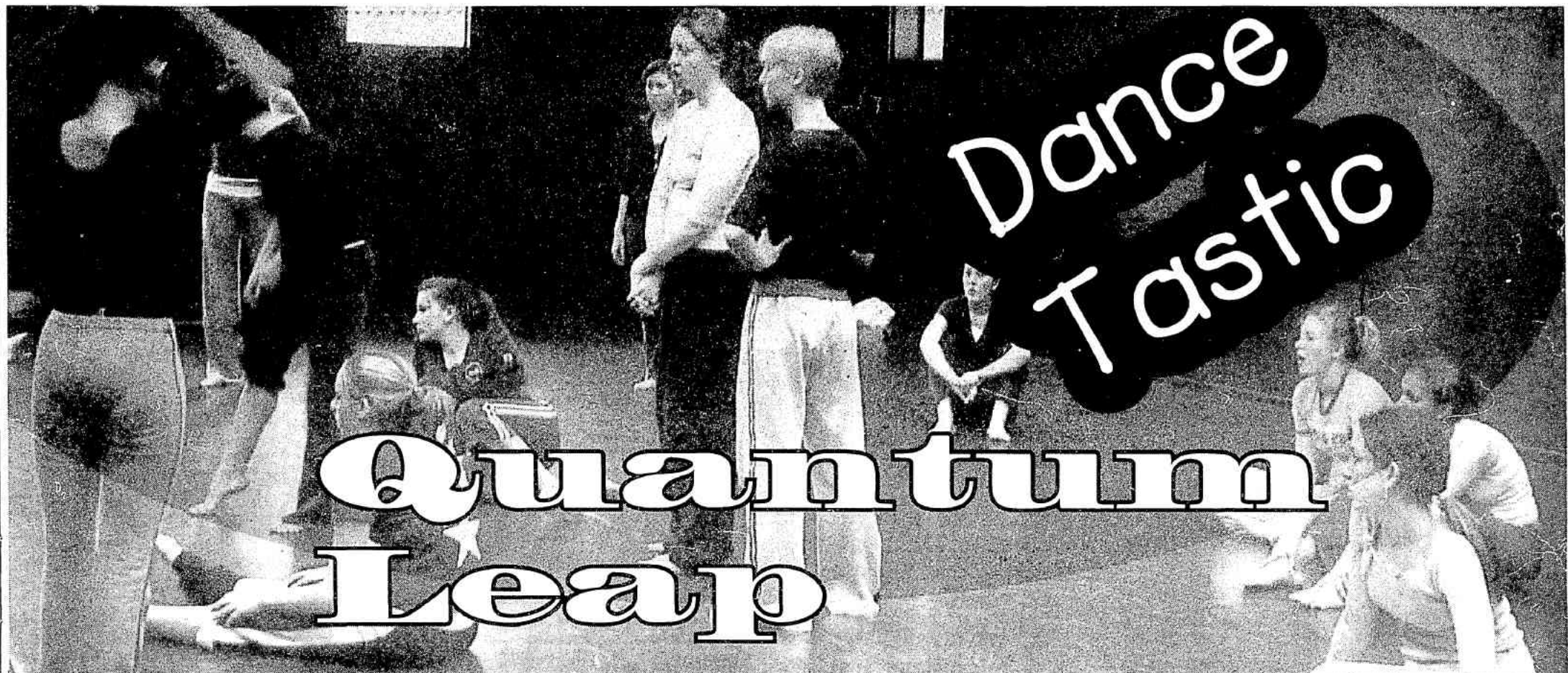
For those non-drinkers and drinkers alike there is a *Steamboat dinner* at the Great Wall starting at 6pm which will be run by ISSANU. Look out for posters in the first and second week back for further details! But you can sign up during Bush

Week on Monday 28th in Union Courtyard!!

Silly Saturday

am: We recommend that you recover from your Friday night *by drinking beer...*

pm: We recommend that you *trot along to ICBM* to continue your 48 hour bender. Go for a boogie and enjoy looking at some of Canberra's most beautiful people!!



Dance Tastic

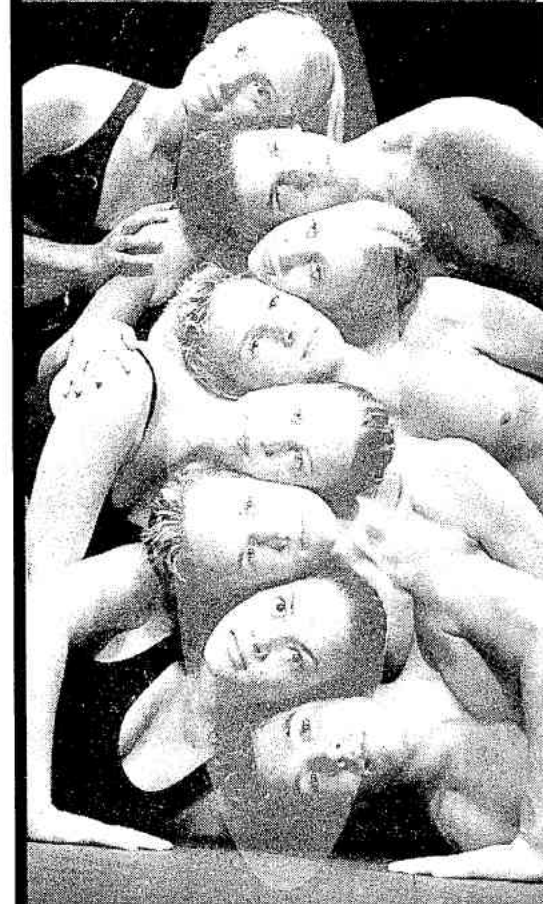
Quantum Leap

Most of us think we can dance. Whether your style is the dreaded school social two-step (most notoriously performed by private school boys, the moves consist of shuffling to the left, bobbing slightly, then shuffling to the right, repeated for the entirety of such classics as Tubthumping), or the spasmic jerkiness of Seinfeld's Elaine, we all like to think we've got the music in us. In fact there's probably a few people in the ANU community who bust a move quite regularly on the dancefloors of this gracious city, and even more who enjoy the secret delights of copying Backstreet Boys, N*Sync, et al in the privacy of their own homes (but that's just between you, me and Video Hits). So you may have the moves, but do you have the confidence? Woroni conducted a huge and ruthlessly regulated survey to discover how many ANU students would be confident enough to perform their own style of dance at the Canberra Theatre Playhouse, on a stage in front of a crowd of many hundreds for five nights. And only two put up their hands.

Belinda Lawrance (top right corner, right) and Shihara Nizam (top right corner, left) are two ANU students who will be appearing in Canberra Choreographic Centre's Quantum Leap. Quantum Leap is a collaboration between Canberra Theatre Centre and The Australian Choreographic Centre. The program aims to give young artists an opportunity to perform within a professional context. The dancers choreograph their own sequences with the help of professional choreographers. For the ANU students involved, it has been quite an experience. Belinda is a fifth year Asian studies student majoring in Japanese, while Shihara is a third year medical science student. Belinda grew up in Canberra and trained in classical ballet, while Shihara grew up in Perth and trained in many different styles of dance. When Woroni spoke to them they were in intensive rehearsals and they were quite flush with excitement about their upcoming performances. This year's theme for Quantum Leap is "Out of Bounds".

Quantum Leap is a new experience for Shihara who has picked up contemporary dance performance after a few years' break. The new experience has influenced her contribution to the theme Out of Bounds, and she says the theme has "a lot of meaning" for her. Belinda has performed in Quantum Leap since its inception and has thus had a lot to contribute to the other performers. Belinda expressed that there is a real rush when performing, which is to be expected when one considers that some of the sequences involve standing on others' shoulders and falling into a crowd of waiting dancers. Mixing study and dance has been no problem at all for Shihara and Belinda who rehearsed on Sunday mornings during semester and were lucky enough to start intensive rehearsals after their exams. This makes the prospect of your average student becoming a professional dancer slightly more realistic...sort of.

To see Belinda or Shihara, or any of the any other exciting performers in Quantum Leap rock up to the Playhouse at 8pm from July 30-August 2. You can get your tickets through Canberra Ticketing on 6275 2700



WHAT are we going to do ABOUT THIS?

Benjo lets us all know about the Baxter Immigration Detention Facility

I sit in my house dialling the number of the Baxter detention centre. The centre is 10 kilometres out of Port Augusta in South Australia. The number is engaged and engaged and engaged. Finally I'm through. 'Try again later, the line is busy.' If I can't get through, my mind fills with the possibilities. Is Ali lying naked on the floor of one of the isolation units on suicide watch? Has there been a disturbance? Is Ali hearing the cries of despair from the other units as people are handcuffed and legcuffed until they are silenced by officers with gags? When I get through I have to give Sayad's number, he is that number, he tells me. If I can't get through, will Hossein think I have forgotten him, or I'm too busy to bother? We can believe anything we imagine when communication is so difficult. At the beginning of this year there were no phone calls, no visits from inside or outside, no mail - for six weeks. Baxter was locked down. I've never been inside a detention centre. I live in another world, a world the people have never experienced, because they were locked up when they got to this country. They were moved from one place to another by charter plane at night. They haven't seen how beautiful the country is or how loving and accepting people here can be. I've been ringing numbers for four years - Villawood, Maribyrnong, Woomera, Perth, Port Hedland and Curtin.

Good afternoon, this is Baxter Immigration Detention Facility! This is Bev! How may I help you?

Why do I find it hard to write about Baxter? I've talked about it enough! I've listened to the

stories and there are too many already. Maybe because the words aren't enough. The page is sterile, the words neat and clear, with no sounds, no smell. When our eyes see the word Baxter, the page should explode! We should hear the sound of resistance, the cries of 'Azadi! We want freedom! We are human!'

'Without 'trouble-makers', the world will never change!'

We should hear the echo of the English words, learned from the mouths of The Jailors: 'Fuck you! Fuck your rules - there are no rules! We should hear the laughter, the jokes of people refusing to accept the unacceptable.

'Inspectors are searching rooms looking for weapons of mass destruction, hydrogen bomb, atom bomb, biological weapon, missile. So far they haven't found even one empty cigarette lighter!'

The page should vibrate with the cries of joy, of the respect and solidarity with which people have broken in to Baxter with visits and phone calls and phone cards and gifts.

'Our hands and feet are tied from this government. All the people, we cannot do anything. Those who want to help us, to free us, we will welcome you every time. Our wings have already been cut by this government so we cannot fly. If you come here we will kiss your feet. It will be honour for us.'

Good afternoon, this is Baxter Immigration Detention Facility! This is Bev! How may I help you?

We should gasp and fall down crawling when the page explodes! Our eyes should burn from the gas. Our skin should turn black from the bruises made by the batons. We should be spattered and know it is the blood of people we love and depend on. We should slash our skin and open up the flesh, so that the pain of the

wound, which will heal, blots out for a time the pain in our heart and in our head, which never goes away.

'I read the newspapers. We are terrorist with terrorist plan. I read everything. Everything is against refugee- staring in front of me. We are living in five star accommodation? I talked with the officer. Where is my Foxtel? Where is my internet access? Where is my swimming pool? The officer agreed - its bullshit! There is no hope for refugee.'

We should fall down, unconscious, because sometimes the body has to shut down. It needs to cut out the world of uniforms and fences and pieces of paper and arbitrary, ever changing rules. We should be struggling not to drown in tidal waves of anger, humiliation and despair.

The oppression and exploitation is a bad thing, but it is not the most dangerous thing. If the officer beats you in the head, that is a bad thing, but it is not the most dangerous thing. The most dangerous thing is when you are filled with the peace of the dead and tolerate everything and have no urge, no desire to act! The most, most dangerous thing is the death of our dreams.

Avtar Singh, Punjabi poet

Good evening! This is Baxter Immigration Detention Facility! This is Bev speaking! How may I help you?

We should stare at the word Baxter and hear every second of every minute of every hour of every day of every week of every month of every year for 2, 3, 4, 5 years tick away. Baxter steals the present, destroys the future and confuses, wipes out the past. When our eyes focus on the word Baxter, our nose is filled with the stench from the swamp of racism and nationalism.

'Australians are decent, friendly, democratic people, and we're going to stay that way!'

- Government advert

'Most Australians don't have three meals a day.

Most Australians don't have air-conditioners. You refugees have all these things! Australian people, when they are depressed, they never destroy property, they never smash anything! But you, you are doing this. This is a crime! You are criminals!'

- DIMIA manager

Good evening! This is Baxter Immigration Detention Facility! This is Bev!

How may I help you?Sorry, no incoming calls, by order of the Minister.

Now I would see the place I'd been ringing ever since it opened. Well, 'open' is an odd word. It opened for one day only, then closed around refugees brought from other detention centres - Woomera in South Australia and Port Hedland and Curtin in the North West of Western Australia.

'In Curtin we could see through the fence. We could see the road which led to freedom, even if we didn't take it yet. Here in Baxter, we can't see out. We can only look up and see the sky.'

Baxter closed around men, women and children. In the words of Phillip Ruddock, husband, father, Christian, Amnesty member, they are failed, unauthorised, unlawful non-citizens. Whatever they are going through, they brought on themselves. Whatever their experience, he is not responsible, nor is the Department of Immigration, nor is Australasian Correctional Management. They should go.....where? Home? Its impossible! Another country? They can't, no papers. Fight to stay? Yes! So Greg Wallace, ex-manager of Curtin detention centre who enjoys being DIMIA manager of Baxter, holds them in administrative detention, deportation-ready behind

Fuck you

electric fences under unrelenting floodlights.

Its really hard, like a prison with powerful electric fence, They have more experience now about detention centre. All over detention, cameras, electric doors, every door many officers. It is a total system of control. After you have called Woomera a hell-hole there is no word for Baxter. They want to make people mad, make people give up and go home! But we can't. We came here to ask for protection.

The people fight to be recognised. They go from court to court trying to correct the decisions of DIMIA officials and Refugee Review Tribunal members. Meanwhile they are detained by their adversary in the court. While they fight a legal battle with pieces of paper, the person they face has the power to change the rules through parliament. The arbitrary, ever-changing day to day rules are enforced by DIMIA using unaccountable, uniformed employees of a private security company, Australasian Correctional Management.

'Fuck you

Fuck your rules

Fuck ACM

Fuck DIMIA

Fuck Phillip Ruddock

Fuck John Howard

Fuck your visa

Fuck your rules

THERE ARE NO RULES!

**Hello, my friends in Baxter!
This is Tanya, What can I do!**

I stood on the hill looking across the red, scrubby, wavy country belonging to the first people. There it was, around four kilometres away. Baxter, standing alone, steel shining and bright with light. It is sterile and neat and clear like the black words on a white page. No cries, no moans, noshouts, no laughter! No sounds, no smells.

'We are locked up, not free! It would bother us! Better we can't see the stars!'

Everyone who visited the scene of the crimes at Easter 2003 knows what is going on inside Baxter. Everyone who didn't go depends on journalists and the TV companies. So why didn't they ask the Minister, why? What is going on in Baxter? Why did he

need an army to stop a few hundred kite-flying, bubble-blowing, balloon-holding health workers and teachers, building workers and students, actors and musicians, shop assistants and call centre workers, lawyers and ecologists, from communicating with a few hundred refugees, failed by the Australian rules. When they wrote in the newspaper 'Mr. Ruddock said everything was normal in Baxter', why didn't the neat and clear words explode from the page?

Our defeat? There are still not enough of us to free the people locked in Baxter. Our victory? The message received on Easter Saturday, 'We hear you, but not clearly. Well come[sic], we love you!'

'DIMIA are the same like religious police in Iran. DIMIA are the same like Taliban.'

Governments and business men are everywhere. Oppression and injustice are in every country. We have a saying for this situation.

Over all the world the sky is blue!

In July some good people will go to trial in Port Augusta accused of what sound like qualities not crimes - harbouring and helping. On Good Friday 2002 at

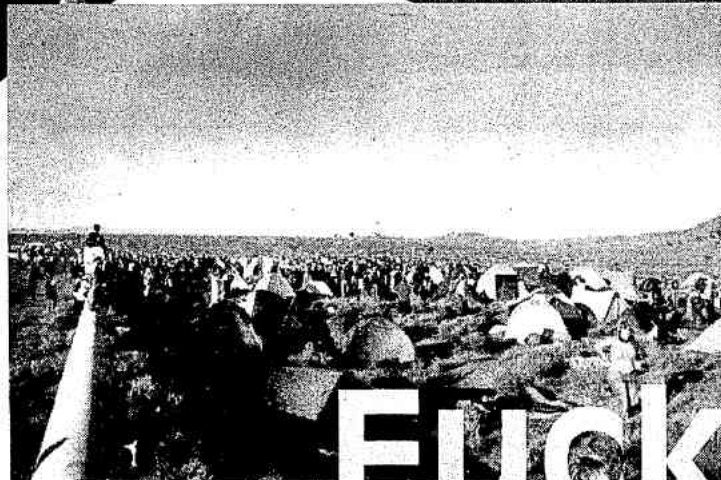
Woomera detention centre, they met the people whose images had exploded in January on their TV screens. The images were of people on hunger strike with razor wire cuts, of young men with lips sewn together. Confronted with the wire and the guards and the refugees, they could not answer the questions the people asked. 'Why is the Australian Government doing this to us? Why are we suffering? We ask for protection, not detention!' Now they are answering with another question, 'What are we going to do about this?'

Fuck Phillip Ruddock

Fuck John Howard

Fuck your visa

Fuck your rules



FUCK you



Get naked, win money



Get drunk, win money



Get silly, win money



Get arrested, win nothin'!



BUT INFAMY

At the ANU it sometimes might seem that we are light on for tradition. There are no menacing stone gargoyles on any of the entrances and there is no annual mass nudie run. There are College events, some of which are pretty traditional, but for many students they aren't part of their Uni scene. One tradition that the ANU and its students do protect is the annual Scavenger Hunt. It pits teams of students against each other (and very occasionally against the law) in a wild and entertaining journey. Its all about closets full of dress-up costumes and the legal acquisition of random shite. The hunt mixes glory with cheap wine and the thrill of gettin' totally naked. In 2003, the Woroni Team will take you on a journey through the Scav Hunts of Yore (p.22) and give you a little taste of what 2003 has to offer. This year's Scav Hunt list is over the page!

Come along to SCAV HUNT 2003 Thursday 31 July in Union Court

To compete in the 2003 ANU Scavenger Hunt you need to do the following:

- Get together a team of ANU students
- Turn up at 12 pm on Thursday July 31 in Union Court with your gear. That means anything that you need to compete be it for stunts or costumes or whatever.

The rules:

- Teams may have up to 15 members (all of whom require a valid ANU student ID)
- Illegal activities will not be condoned. Illegally acquired items will not be counted.
- The ANU Students Association, its officers, Woroni and its staff do not condone illegal activities. Gettin' illegal is not cool with us and is not necessary to win. Humour and originality are, of course, the main criteria for victory!
- The winning team will be awarded \$400
- Second place gets \$200 and third gets \$100
- Photos must be printed and CAN NOT just be stored on a digital camera. That's not cool and will not get you any points!

Scavenger Hunt

LIST

This list is your ticket to Bush Week mayhem - the ANU's answer to Popstars and Strip Search. It is a major way to get majorly famous. Everyone will be there on Thursday 31 July at 12 pm to watch and revel in the reflected glory of the Scav Hunt gladiators. Get your team together and have a laugh with your friends. The winners score \$400 and a barrow load of glory. Sweet, eh!

to get

(points per item / maximum number of said items allowed)

The Windscreen-Washing Guy		Little Saigon Lunchbox	40/5
from Barry Drive	125/1	ANU Professor (female)	50/3
Amiga 500 T-shirt	40/3	Menu from Zen Yai, Civic	5/20
Big Brother housemate	100/3	Blueprint for Telstra Tower	120
Practicing Jew	55/3	Movie stub	4/25
Big Brother winner	500	Mr Men book	5/50
Breast implant	100/1	Noticeably balding student	60/2
Blood donors card	50/10	Olympic medal	1000/1
Poster from the movie "Cocktail"	100/1	Pair of thongs	5/20
Poster from any other Tom Cruise movie	50/2	G-String	25/10
Blow Up Doll	70/1	Piece of tanbark	1/1000
Chewie Disposal Board	300/1	Pro Wrestling event stub	20/4
Coconut Bra and Grass Skirt (worn)	100	S. Hussein (proof required)	300/1
Cooking tongs	5/10	Former ANU Social Officer	200/1
Condom	2/200	McDonalds staff name badges	20/20
Current Brumbies Player	400/2	15 inch Black Rubber Cock	100/2
Current Cannons Player	1000	Seven Samurai video/DVD	40/3
Former Capitals Player	200	Shot glass	3/100
Current Cosmos Player	100	Goat	100/2
Current Raiders Player	300/5	Any albino animal	150/5
A Former Governor-General	700/2	Someone called Fergus (ID required)	30
Duffy resident	50/2	Goanna	100/1
Bachelor of Asian Studies (Honours)	200/1	Birds Nest	100/2
Ex-Chief Minister of ACT	400/2	Lucky the Koala	1000
Care Bear	70/5	Skateboarding disco dancer	50/10
Current ACT Minister for Education	300/1	Anybody with the honorific "Rinpoche"	100/2
Golf Putter	20/1	Year 3 class photo Turner Primary 1990	50
Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone	80/1	Object or person from a Woroni 2003 cover	150/1
Hawaiian Shirt	10/8	Canberra Workers Club Membership	10/10
Circumcised man (aged 22-29)	10/10	Squash Ball	10/5
Circumcised man (aged 77-99)	100/10	Squash Game (interpretations allowed)	50/1
Hockey Stick	5/10	Squash Racket	20/2
		Swear word shaved in head	100/1

Woroni and the ANU Student's Association do not condone illegal actions. Items obtained illegally might be funny but they are ineligible for the competition. Them's the rules, kiddies!

Chris Prunty	200
Anybody else with the surname "Prunty"	75/3
Chris Prunty's fiance	100/2
Beth O'Rourke (with birth certificate)	1000/1
Sydney Olympics ticket	35/6
Team member with Afro	50/1
Team member with no body hair	100/3
Myanmar FEC	1/200
Team member's tutor (class list as proof)	80/2
Timezone stamp	2/100
Toilet	160/1
Vomit on a Pane of Glass	50/1
ANU Deputy Vice-Chancellor	190/1
Phar Lap's Heart	800/1
Marijuana plant	200/5
A native speaker of Assamese	150/1
ASIO staff-member (with ID)	125/40
1c piece	2/100
2c piece	4/50
2XX membership	10/5
\$2 note	20/5
Baseball	12/6
Single of "It's My Life"	25/2
A Taiwanese National called "Wilbur"	200/1
Sanskritic artifact	100/3
Boy named Simone (must provide proof)	50/1
Handcuffs	25/2
Porno starring current ANU student	500/3
Copy of Ken Park	300/2
Knuckle dusters	150/2
Fondue set, with bubbling fondue	150/2
Bread cubes	1/200
ATM receipt for 3:17 am	100/20
China Doll	25/4
The King of Bhutan	3000/1
Artwork of your own creation on canvas 3 foot x 4 foot	220

Stunts to perform on the day

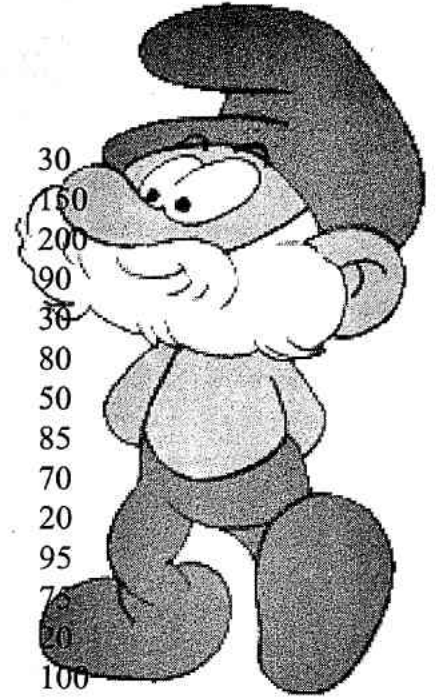
Best entrance	50
Naked wrestling	75
Get the Windscreen-Washing Guy to wash the windows of the Co-Op Bookshop	200
Drink two cans of beer at once	100
Puppetry using Care Bears	100 (funniest: 200)
Estonian Wife Carrying	100 (fastest: 200)
Fastest beer guzzled	100
First tailor-made roast chicken sandwich for each judge	100
Team consumption of 10 casks of goon	400
Team consumption of a knuckle sandwich	150
Rap about beer	65 (best: 130)
Rap about the Law School	65 (best: 190)
Rap about abusing Care Bears	65 (best: 210)
Team member sit without shirt on in one place for an hour	70
Team member talk non-stop for an hour	30
Team member vomit on a pane of glass	100
Team member lick said pane of glass	150
Perform two Gilbert & Sullivan songs (with chorus)	200
2 Goonbongs (like beerbong but not) by 1 person	150
1 person eat half kilo of raw calamari	300

Naked congo-line	100 per participant
Chris Prunty bound and gagged	200
Run from Union Court to the Law School foyer and back naked	200
100 Metre race against Patrick Johnson	350

Costumes

(to be worn on the day!)

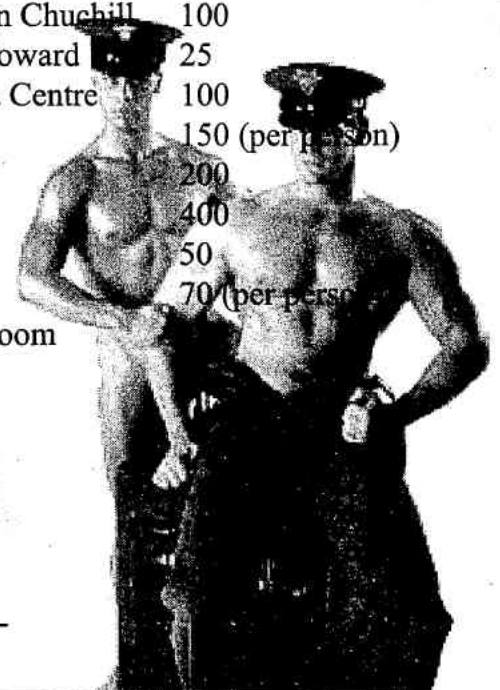
Beauty Pageant Winner	30
Christmas Tree	150
Full body painted tattoo	200
Geisha	90
George Costanza	30
A Hmong tribal elder	80
Jesus Christ	50
Playboy bunny	85
Robert Mugabe	70
Schoolgirl	20
Socrates	95
Smurf	75
Wife-beater/Stubbies combo	20
Sizzle Bento staff member	100



Nude Photos

(any combined ones merit double points!)

At Gay St	45
With a family who live in Gay St	150
Playing a saxophone	75
Outside Woroni office	140
On the Sydney Cricket Ground	500
In your shower, in your own home	70
Inside the National Library	50
On roundabout at corner of Dickson & Daley Rds	30
On Woolley St	50
With a Grandparent	100
With a Police Officer (in uniform)	250
On swings	120
With a clergyman from the Anglican Church	225
Outside Nigerian Embassy	150
Inside the Israeli Embassy	520
At power pole #240 (it's outside B & G)	200
Inside ICBM, Civic	100
Hugging President "Mocca"	150
Sitting at "Mocca's" Presidential desk	210
At the High Court with bong	170
Performing "Penis Puppetry"	200
With a naked Brumbies player	300
Naked Rubgy Scrum	75 (per person)
Straddling the newly installed Parliament House security barrier	150
Climbing on a statue of Winston Churchill	100
Climbing on a statue of John Howard	25
On an escalator in the Canberra Centre	100
In an elevator	150 (per person)
With an ACT MLA	200
With a topless ACT MLA	400
With a mob of kangaroos	50
In a bed full of stuffed toys	70 (per person)
In Girls Grammar Year 1 classroom	20



The 1960s

BUSH WEEK 69

Historical Stunt



Stupendous stunt

Bush Week hit the high spots early on Friday night last when seven prized Dobell paintings, valued at between £40,000 and £70,000, were removed from the Australian War Memorial.

This masterly stunt, which received national press coverage, was apparently the work of two students.

It seems that a week or so before the event they had unobtrusively bedded down in the War Memorial and taken notes of the security guards' rounds.

On the night they remained behind after the tourists had been herded out and again studied the guard's routine.

When the little man had made his second or third round, the students ceased posing as stuffed war veterans and went into action with the precision of international art thieves.

They removed no less than seven canvases from their hooks.

Taking great care not to damage them, they carried them to the door in the aircraft display room.

Here it was necessary to cut a padlock on the inside of the door.

This they did and so as not to cause the authorities any expense or consternation left behind an unbroken padlock with keys attached.

Exiting through the back door, they placed their loot in an awaiting car and drove to the School of General Studies Library.

Once at the Library, conscience got the better of them.

Having failed to obtain permission from the authorities to remove the goods from the War Memorial, they felt it best to ask permission

to store them in the Library.

Permission was willingly granted and the paintings went inside the Library on the ground floor. The outside door was locked lest thieves should strike.

The press were called so that they could take photos.

However, before they arrived the library attendant had rung A.N.U.'s Security Chief who refused to allow photos.

A quarter of an hour after the press were called, the same anonymous voice informed the police, who hurried to the scene.

Smelling a rat, the constabulary took finger prints on one of the paintings.

However, it is obvious that this step was no more than a mere formality.

Would such an efficient prankster, who had pulled off what could have been Australia's richest art robbery, have failed to wear gloves?

The War Memorial Authorities have said they intend to press charges.

This can be no more than an attempt to save face.

That such a stunt was possible reveals certain weakness in their security system.

Furthermore, the paintings' absence was not noticed until a reporter from S.M.H. went to the War Memorial with Major McGrath.

This was in spite of the fact that the guard's rounds took him past an illuminated and very blank wall.

The crazy hijinks of the ANU in the 1960s are often forgotten. This "stupendous stunt" is a challenge for all who hope to live on in infamy. National media coverage, red-faced officials...have you got what it takes????

Queer Collaborations is the national queer (mostly) student conference. This year's conference in Melbourne apparently attracted 450 delegates, including a small delegation from our very own queer collective.

Arriving at the accommodation late on Sunday night, your sexuality officer decided to have a shower and go to bed, and the scene for the week was set by a couple of boys fucking in the next shower cubicle. It was not an uncommon occurrence.

Although the conference was unfortunately overshadowed by delegates inclination to skip parts of the conference for sex, shopping and sleep, there were some exciting plenaries, seminars and workshops that generated some controversy, which is a good thing at a conference like QC. Topics included genderfucking, BDSM, youth in regional areas, queer politics, indigenous and ethnic issues.

These conferences are important for cross-campus networking and organisation. We met

other students from around Australia and shared experiences and contact details. Expect to see some new campaigns in the department building on similar campaigns from other universities.

Department stuff this semester:

Starting at 12 noon (note time change) on Tuesday 22nd July is the weekly screening of episodes of the UK version of *Queer as Folk*, in the Queer Space (Lower-ground floor, Crisp Bldg).

First Queer Collective meeting of the semester at 1pm Thursday 24th July, Queer Space – all queer students welcome.

Get tested for sexually transmitted infections! EVERYBODY is invited to get FREE and CONFIDENTIAL screenings performed by nurses in the Queer Space on Wednesdays beginning on the 30th July until the 13th August between 1-3pm. To make an appointment, call the AIDS Action Council on 6257 2855. No Medicare card is required, and you don't have to be queer. Many conditions can be treated on the spot.

Sex Me

Environment Me

Permaculture, Deep Ecology, Non-violent Direct Action, Independence for West Papua, Conservation issues in PNG, Alternative media - the list is HUGE! These are some of the workshops on offer at this year's Students of Sustainability Conference where 30+ ANU students are RIGHT NOW (while I type not while you read!). Yep we made it. Through deserts, across seas, and over mountains the enviro kiddies went to Adelaide. Australians of all types, PNG crew and also East Timorese students are here. And we'd like to thank the SA and all the students who supported our fundraising efforts by buying pancakes, shirts, badges, muffins etc. This year's conference is rocking with vibes of inspiration, motivation, open-mindedness and of course peace and love. Keep your little ears to the ground for what the Enviro Collective will do to continue the flow of knowledge from the attendees to other interested students back on campus. Bush week preparations are underway and we will be seeing you all there - wherever we are. There'll be a benefit gig, stalls, films, and info sessions. Drop on in to talk to us about what we did during our hols! Love the EC gang

Welcome back everyone. This semester is shaping up to be huge. Kicking off on Friday August the 8th with Abortion Rights Day. Brunch will be handed out in the union court from 10.30am with not only food but badges and information also being available. Follow that at 1pm by a forum on just what the law regarding abortion in the ACT currently is. The day will be topped off by a film night on the 9th featuring *Victor/Victoria* and *From Justin to Kelly*. On the 10th the Hayden Alan and Ben Jones are welcome to all events. This will be followed by Women's Education Week (24th - 30th August) where we will be doing a circus workshop for women on the Sunday. The week will feature a performance on the 29th followed by a breakfast and a night with proceeds going to the *Women's Education Week*. If you are interested in the work to be done in the week just a few. You can also contact the women's office on sa.womens@anu.edu.au or drop in the office and pick up a copy of our closer to the date.

Women Me

Execute Me

Things are certainly hotting up in the new round of attacks on higher education.

Federal Education Minister has recently given notice of proposed legislation affecting higher education (check out the "Higher Education Legislation Amendment Bill 2003" at aph.gov.au - click on 'Bills' then 'Current Bills'), and proposed legislation relating to Vocational Education and Training, and States Grants (Primary and Secondary Education Assistance).

A Senate Inquiry into higher education funding has been announced to coincide with the legislation. Submissions are due 15 August, with the report expected by 30 October. Check out www.aph.gov.au/senate/committee/eet_ctte/highed2003/index.htm for more information. Information

on how to frame a submission will be available shortly from the Education Department.

Meanwhile, the University of Sydney is showing the rest of the country how to prevent fee increases, with a number of students successfully taking direct action in disrupting a meeting of university administration. The meeting was set to decide to increase fees by 30% as soon as they were allowed to do so by legislative changes. Given the pressure put on them by the students, the meeting was cancelled.

This fantastic result *during the holidays* shows that when we work together students can fight back and win!

Get involved. Contact your ANUSA Education Department on 612 50710 or sa.education@anu.edu.au.

A massive break the Executive has been working over the holidays to ensure everyone has an insane Bush Week reaps the benefit of sound education policy, responsible financing and high level (co) organisation.

Specifically, the week is set to be not only overly noisy and raucous but also accommodate to your average student hippy. Carols marking worked extra hard to get all clubs and societies involved generating more social activities, free food and fun. Watch out for the recent formation of ANU Spa Society and SPA WARS. The Societies purpose is to organise activities to generate funds for ANU's swimming pool, SPA WARS is all class, it involves relaxing in hot spas, sipping champagne and eating strawberries. Be aware of B&G all they are likely to take their clothes off and dominate the party. If you like beer and prices do not miss out on BEER BINGO at the end. If you like tea visit the CHOCOLATE on Wednesday. Mandatory attendance is required at ANU's FOAM party held on Friday night. All of ANU's colleges are attending and cheap drinks will be provided all night. There will be a plethora

of bands and DJs, cushions and foam, plus rowdiness and insanity is guaranteed. Get in early for a cheap ticket!

In education, Dave's door is open to all comments regarding the quality of education at the ANU - which areas require improvement? Have you ever unwittingly plagiarised? Does the inconsistency in average student hippy carols marking between faculties upset you? Are your tutorial sizes too large? How can we assist first years and their transition? How can teaching and learning be made more effective? Comments: sa.vic@anu.edu.au

Lip Ban is an amazing accountant. Not only does he have a right cup over every single dollar of your Association's cash he has almost single handedly pushed the Association and its Departments into the new millennium by enforcing consistency through the adoption of best accounting practices. Thanks LB.

Have a thoroughly enjoyable Bush Week and study hard. Your Executive

hello SA! sailors



Mocca says:

Hello to all! I hope you're all feeling refreshed, ready for the term ahead and that hopefully your results made you smile (at least a little bit!).

It's been an extremely busy couple of weeks for the Students' Association as we prepare for BUSH WEEK IN WEEK TWO this semester. As you'll see from the program in Woroni there are lots and lots of activities to get involved in so please support the hard work of those who have put on the events. It's going to be an awesome week!!!

While I am looking forward to the second half of the year, I would like to express my disappointment about two aspects of the last Students' Association Annual General Meeting held late last term.

Firstly, I am disappointed that this meeting failed, yet again, to reach quorum. Under s 9.4 of the Association's constitution, "the quorum for a general meeting of the Association is 40 members... present in person". In practice, this means that we must have at least 40 undergraduate students present in order to conduct the meeting. Unfortunately, the meeting saw between 30 and 40 students rock up thus preventing the business of the meeting from being carried out without disruption.

Considering the budget of the Students' Association this year is over \$400,000 of hard-earned student money, I am disappointed that more do not attend; particularly in light of the fact that one of the many powers and purposes of this forum is to "give effect to the Policy of the Association" and thereby - one would hope - give attendants the opportunity to decide how their own contribution is spent.

However in addressing this fact, I think it is important to recognise and censure the behaviour of certain individuals at this Annual General meeting. Because I have worked hard to ensure this Association is reasonably cohesive as a workplace and while our political differences play an important role in keeping each

other accountable, I am disappointed that certain inconsiderate and I believe immature individuals took the opportunity to use the procedures of the Association undermine this cohesiveness for selfish personal and political reasons.

I say this because the last AGM was an important opportunity for the Association to make certain constitutional amendment (I won't bore you with the details here) in order for our annual to be conducted freely and fairly by ACT Elections. And while my opponents would take any opportunity to point out the alternatives to you (running the election ourselves as an Association or outsourcing the elections) these alternatives are not realistic.

Why? Because the SA is quite clearly unable to carrying out free and fair elections; this has quite clearly been demonstrated by the senseless political activism at the last AGM. The ballot box stuffing that took place several years ago that forced us to look to ACT Elections in the first place as a neutral monitoring body is also demonstrative of this. Secondly, because all investigations into outsourcing our election have failed either because the group concerned is inexperienced, more expensive than our current service, simply not interested or a combination of these factors.

If my opponents disagree with these latter statements I invite them into my office to see the evidence of these investigations into the alternatives. Because while these individuals advocate for alternatives to the electoral process this Association has, none of them seem willing to spend any decent amount of time exploring the alternatives for themselves.

As a result, I would suggest that we now look forward to the SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING ON THE FIRST DAY OF BUSH WEEK, MONDAY 28TH JULY, IN THE UNION REFECTORY to collectively show these activists that their actions are irresponsible and their intents are nothing but pointless political point-scoring that the average student has absolutely no interest in being a part. After all, how can we expect students to attend our General meetings when this sort of crap dominates the agenda? We should use this time to discuss and debate things that matter to students whether it be the price of beer in the Uni bar, why there are not enough car parking spaces on campus, the accommodation crisis in Canberra or quality of education at the ANU.

This time it has taken me to write this letter could have been far

better spent working and drafting relevant and important policies for the undergraduates of the ANU. I look forward to seeing you on the 28th in the refectory so I can get back to what I should be doing!!!

Cheers & have an awesome BUSH WEEK!!!

Mocca

sa.president@anu.edu.au

Phone: 6125 8513

Regular Office Hours:

Monday 2pm - 3pm

Wednesday 11am - 12pm

All appointments welcome, after working hours if necessary.

ISSANU says:

A message from Ameer Ali,
ISSANU President

As you all know, ISSANU sponsored 2 students to go to the 7-day NLC Annual Conference in Adelaide. The first couple of days were spent on the National Education Conference where speakers from DIMIA, IDP, ISANA, QSHC companies and university representatives presented issues concerning international students such as Visa regulations, medical check-ups, performance of IDP branches, satisfaction of IS in Australia (one speaker claimed that 91% of IS are extremely happy with their courses in Australia, but couldn't provide us with the source of information!). Conference delegates were quite disappointed when the DIMIA officials couldn't agree on what clause 8303 in our Visas mean. The clause states that you as a student "should not engage in activities disturbing the Australian community." Now does that mean that we can't go to demonstrations and react (as humans tend to do) to world events? The answer is, we still don't know! The last few days were the actual conference itself. Our job was simple: write policies that the NLC will take up and lobby the government with on our behalf. Out of the 23 policies passed, the ACT caucus (which includes ISSANU)

wrote 6 of them, and contributed to another 6. Our motto was honesty (so there wasn't any vote selling going on with us!), and with that we managed to gain a lot of support from other ISOs (we even got a standing ovation once). Finally, I was elected by the conference floor to be the next NLC national auditor.

I must say that the conference was great! The NLC did a good job of organising it (Thanks to Ali, Janice, Yvonne, Rakib, and Ling from the ACT branch), the ISSANU people were enthusiastic all the way through (thanks to Chin, Eddie, Jiann Yuh who had to wake us up at 7:30am everyday, Francis, and William), and the UCOSO (from UC) people were more than supportive to all of us (thanks to Samiul and Azleen).

As for the internal stuff:

1- You probably received an e-mail from the VC (Ian Chubb) about the 5% cap on IS Fees. The 5% cap was actually an initiative by ISSANU last year and it crystallised this year. Thanks to the University Admin for working with us.

2- We are currently working with UniSafe to develop multilingual safety posters around campus.

3- Eddie Yoon (VPAdmin) is starting to sweat over ISAW week, please give him a hand! E-mail issanu@anu.edu.au

4- Chin Zyit (VPEd) has started a fancy collection of books and other materials on different countries in the world. Feel free to stop by the ISSANU office and have a look.

5- Finally, in the past couple of weeks, I have been working with SA president Mocca and PARSA president Mithun on a submission to the university regarding various issues with IS (fees, quality of education, accommodation, etc). Input is more than welcome, email: issanu.president@anu.edu.au If you have any other concerns, stop by our office (above Commonwealth Bank), give us a call (6125 8003), or send us an e-mail (issanu@anu.edu.au).

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

ANUSA
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Special General Meeting
Monday 28th July 2003
2 pm
ANU Union Refectory

Called by the Association General Secretary under s 9.1.3(c) of the ANUSA Constitution.

Questions: Please call 6125 9866 or email sa.gensec@anu.edu.au

ITEMS FOR DISCUSSION INCLUDE PARKING, ACCOMMODATION AND STUDENT SURVEYS

L

e i s u r e



sland...

Welcome to Woroni's land of fun and relaxation

C O N T E N T S

26: The Last-Minute Rush

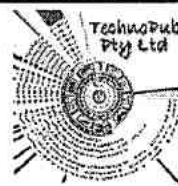
28: Everyone's a Critic

31: Cultish

32: Revenge of the law nerds

34: Your Agony Aunt

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THE LAST MINUTE RUSH

July 2003 - and through it,..... (You fill in the blanks [and send any funny ones to me.]



Picture of newspaper used twice to compensate for absence last issue.



Titanic foundering, but passengers safe.

Mother Faces Murder Charges After Throwing Baby Out With The Bathwater

Sydney: Nicole Morris, a mother of five from the Western Sydney suburb of Morriston, faces murder charges after she accidentally through her 5-month old baby out with the bathwater in which the baby was in at the time. Ms. Morris was bathing her daughter in a portable plastic bath, and when she was finished, simply tossed the contents into an open drain in her bathroom. Defence counsel for Ms. Morris, Peter Parc, said that Ms. Morris had made an inadvertent mistake that any mother bathing their baby in that manner could make, much like throwing one's cutlery out with the dinner scraps, and urged manufacturers of the plastic bathtubs to place warnings on their products, and parents to look in their bathtubs to make sure infants had been removed before disposing of water.

SOCCER FANS DON'T FIGHT, WATCH GOAL SCORED

There were incredible scenes at a suburban soccer match in Brisbane over the weekend, as a massive brawl didn't erupt, and a goal was scored by one of the teams.

Professor John Michaelson, of the University of Queensland, thinks that there may be some correlation between the two incredibly rare events, and has proposed a theory that never having seen a goal being scored would increase one's frustration levels and lead to needless fights which only have the purpose of drawing attention away from the boring game at hand.

The game, between Capalaba and Northside under 9's, has given many hopes that someday in the future a goal will again be scored.

Prevalence of Paid Advertisements Disguised as Articles Increasing

The prevalence of paid advertisements disguised as articles is increasing, according to the above headline. Peter Jeffries, from the excellent footwear company Nike, agrees with the headline, as does Michael Franks, from McDonald's;

"Yes," he said, "McDonald's is really a good choice as a family restaurant, and yes, I agree with the statement we are talking about."

Jane McPherson, from the Ford Motor Company said, "Yes, Ford really is consolidating its market share over Holden now," which was completely unrelated to the topic at hand, but she was allowed to continue speaking by this reporter.

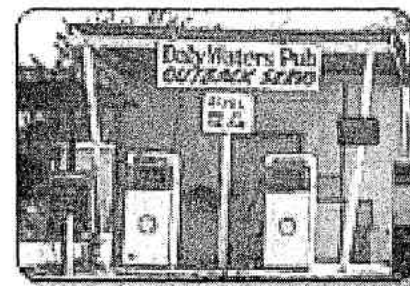
Man Cuts Off Arm In Tragedy; Limb Loss Becomes Tiresome

Victoria - A man has cut his arm off in a dreadful tragedy overnight, in the third such event that has taken place in the last month. The man, who has not been named, is in a serious but stable condition in Melbourne's Monash hospital today, and was in his own home when he found for some reason that he had to take the drastic action. His mother, who also doesn't want to be named, as her name is the same as her son's, saw the tragic event first hand.

"He was just watching TV about that bloke in America and that bloke in Newcastle who cut off their arms and he thought 'that looks easy, I better get in on it too.' Luckily he'd been drinking heavily, which might have dulled some of the pain." Asked whether there was any danger that may have precipitated his brave decision, Mrs. Michael Jenkins said, "well, he might have had to get a job in the next few weeks."

ACT BID FOR INCREASED ETHANOL CONCENTRATIONS

While popular throughout most of the country, the latest Government initiatives to decrease ethanol concentrations in petrol are being opposed by a vast number of Territorians, who rely on the steadily increasing levels of ethanol to obtain a release from their tedious lives, when consumed nasally. One Canberra local we spoke to, who appeared dishevelled and incoherent, (we will name him Incodesh), was one who felt this way. When asked why he didn't get a job and get drunk on other types of alcohol available, such as methylated spirits like other people, he replied that that his name wasn't Incodesh and that he thought it strange that many people put petrol in their cars. Not all Canberans are in favour of the increased ethanol levels, however. Many say that increased ethanol levels will lead to their petrol being less effective when sniffed, and are pushing for a higher concentration of oil, glue or heroin.

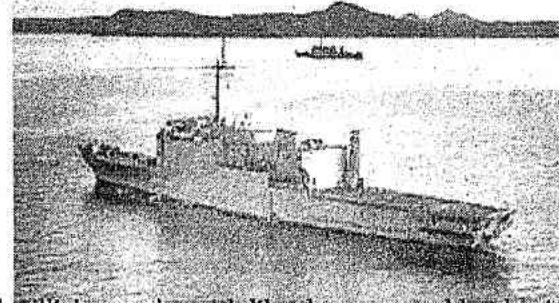


The local pub/petrol bowser.

New Boatpeople Arrive on Australian Mainland; Vessels More Sophisticated

In an embarrassing bungle for the Immigration Department, the latest boat containing asylum seekers, the first in almost 2 years, has reached the Australian mainland, landing on the central coast of NSW. Philip Ruddock, Federal Minister for Immigration, said it was unfortunate that this had occurred, but that the asylum seekers would not be allowed to disembark. "The boat, HMAS Kanimbla," he said, "came ashore in a daring assault on Darling Harbour, Sydney, and contained 800 people, both men and women, who had recently served overseas in the armed forces, fighting for a cause which most of the Australian population finds abhorrent. Therefore we cannot let allow them visas to enter the country. We believe the asylum seekers originated from the Middle East, like many other of the recent asylum seeker arrivals."

The boatpeople received a surprisingly warm welcome from thousands of people in Sydney, many of which pretended to know them, according to Mr. Ruddock.



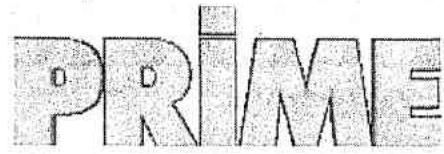
The illicit vessel, much like the ones used by the Australian Defence Force.

TV Guide - July 2003



6.00 Worldwatch
 7.00 World Nudity Watch
 9.00 Temporary Close
 11.00 Movie: The Nudity Files
 1.30 Documentary: A History of Nudity.
 3.30 Movie: Trutpog Winto Grubty (Sweden - Everybody get Nude.)
 6.00 Another Temporary Close
 6.30 World News.
 Featuring news from places you've never heard of, and that has no impact on your life.
 7.00 World Sports.
 Features: Nude Walking, Nude Athletics, Nude Tennis, AFL, NRL.
 7.30 Temporary Close.
 9.20 End of temporary Close. Start of Permanent Close.

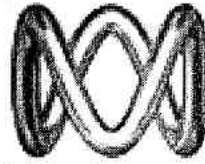
Narrow Column Presents Problem for Layout Editor; Problem Solved



7.00 Miscellaneous Programs.
 6.45 Home and Away: Amazingly, someone doesn't die.
 7.15 The best of The World's Greatest Police Animal Rescue Video Driving Commercials XII
 7.30 The best of the "Best of" programs.
 7.45 The worst of the "Best of the best of" programs.
 9.00 Better Homes and Gardens: Noni and John easily make many constructive additions to their home, to happy music, while getting the producers of the program to pay for it, as you are sitting at home watching them do this.
 12.00 Infomercial
 12.30 Adformation
 1.00 Entercial
 1.30 Entertaimation
 2.00 Infortainmentadvertercial
 2.30 Blatant Advertisements
 3.00 Who cares - no one is watching.



6.30 Cricket. Zimbabwe and Bangladesh play all day long.
 6.00 News with Jim Waley. Jim Waley presents the news in a monotone voice.
 7.00 A Current Affair. Tonight: The Shonky Chinese Drug Dealer Builders Making Our Children Addicted to Video Games, and The Shonky Lebanese Builders doing the same.
 7.30 60 Minutes. The Shonky Current Affairs Programs making our brains mush and our children's brains an even more watery mush.
 8.30 Who wants to be a Millionaire?
 9.30 Who wants to be a Millionaire? (running over time.)
 10.00 Room for improvement
 10.30 House for Improvement
 11.00 House and room become improved.
 11.30 Movie: Trip down memory lane. A house and garden become improved in some way.
 12.00 Better Improvement of House and Land Values for You.
 12.30 House Improvements to the Surprise Rescue.
 1.00 Surprise House Improvements that add value.



6.00 Children's programs that don't try to sell products and don't all have the same name.
 11.00 Repeats of all programs from last night.
 6.30 Newer novel new Fresh dimensions: George Negus talks continuously and tries to sound cool.
 7.10 Feedback. With Indoreeria Niodroueu. People complain about Dimensions with George Negus.
 7.30 The Bill - Cassie thinks Tom has got together with Gabbie, even though he's dead, while Mike tells Robin he's in love with her, but she turns out to be a man, who is in love with the other officer named Mike. Oh, and a murder and robbery also occur, which the Sunhill police don't have time to investigate.
 8.30 Parkinson. Parkinson talks incoherently to guests we've never heard of while continually crossing his legs.
 1.00 Question Time - The Government and Opposition argue pointlessly over trivial matters which aren't important.
 2.30 Movie: The Germans must die. (b/w) (1940) The evil Germans are planning to kill all the British citizens for some reason.
 4.00 Movie: The Germans have died. (b/w) (1946) The evil Germans are forced to pay reparations to the superior British for another reason.
 5.30 Movie: Me and you together. (b/w) (1940) A man simply will not propose to his maid until his brother turns up in a spiffier suit.
 6.00 Colour Programs.



7.00 Cheez TV. Cartoons featured include: Pokemon, Digimon, Robomon, Cinomon, Du Ji Oh, Kwo Ruk, Ji, and The Veiled Product Placement Heroes.
 9.00 Good Morning Danoz.
 12.00 Jerry Springer (doesn't need humourous description.)
 2.00 Oprah - Oprah's best inspirational surprise interviews with celebrities that improve your appearance and are accompanied by inspirational raucous cheering (don't forget, inspirational.)
 5.00 First at Five Alliterative News. Ron Wilson and Jessica Rowe give you all the "super sensational" day's news, as long as it's alliterative (and sensationalised).
 6.00 The Simpsons (rpt, rpt, rpt, rpt, rpt, rpt, rpt, rpt, rpt, rpt.)
 6.30 The Simpsons
 7.00 The Simpsons Hour.
 8.00 Big Brother - What are they doing now?
 8.30 (New Series) Law and Order: Special Cleaning Unit. Hot on the heels of Law and Order: SVU, Law and Order: Crime and Punishment, and Law and Order: Criminal Intent, comes this latest series about the people who clean the police buildings at night, and get paid very little. Gripping Drama.
 9.30 American Sitcoms - they're all the same.
 11.00 Big Brother - Up Late.
 12.00 Big brother - up early.
 1.27 Big Brother - Someone turns over.
 1.28 Big brother - up early
 3.30 Big Brother - Analysis of the Turning over.
 4.00 God is Great with John Mackton.
 4.30 God is Even Better with John Quinton.
 5.00 Further Religious Garbage.

Secret to Eternal Happiness Revealed, Article Censored for Unknown Reason

The secret to eternal happiness was discovered yesterday, by the same person that discovered the meaning of life, and yesterday both discoveries were verified by the people that are the ultimate judge of these things, and decided to be correct. "It was really quite simple, really, really it was," repetitively said discoverer Melanie White. "We were just looking in all the wrong places all these years. The secret to eternal happiness and the meaning of life are basically as follows:



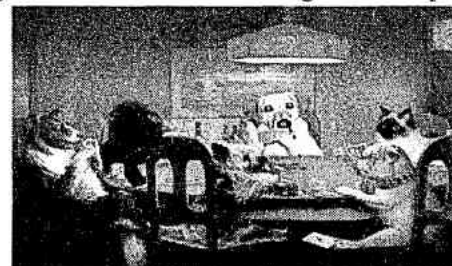
This discovery is set to revolutionise the way people do things such as live and think, and to a slightly lesser extent, change the world. By the way, it was later discovered Melanie White died soon after being interviewed by Woroni, and Woroni is the only publication to report this discovery.

US Officials Now Able To Play Poker

US officials are celebrating today after the capture of Mohammed al-Gaddi Mohmah Al-Surname, whose capture brings the total number of cards in the "most wanted" deck to 28, enough to play a friendly game of poker. Colin Powell, US Secretary of State, hoped that Iraqi Intelligence mastermind Mohammed al-Mohammed, the 8 of Spades, would be captured soon, both for his crimes against humanity and the fact that Mr. Powell would get a straight flush.

"That'll show George who's in charge...of poker," he said. "Soon we'll be able to play blackjack."

Condoleeza Rice, the White House press secretary, also said she hoped Mr. Al-Mohammed was captured soon, but not for the reason Mr. Powell wanted him caught, rather so she could laugh at his repetitive name.



The poker game (US officials may not be species shown.)

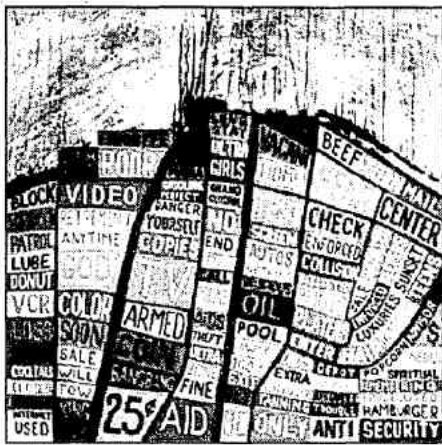


Everybody has their own opinion. Holding it back hurts so bad, but we had the same opinion, because :

EVERYONE'S A CRITIC!

Falling under the Woroni hammer this month:

CDs//Radiohead - Hail to the Thief; Michael Franti & Spearhead - Everyone Deserves Music; The Sleepy Jacksons - Lovers; Tricky - Vulnerable BOOKS//Amanda Fuller - Don't Let's Go to the Dogs; Joy Dettman - Henry's Daughter; Norah Roberts - Birthright; Tom Keneally - The Tyrant's Novel FILMS//Secretary; The Russian Ark; Old School



Hail to the Thief - Radiohead

review by Sam Lonard

Since word first crept out that the boys from Radiohead were back in the studio, many predictions have been made about 'Hail to the Thief'. "Will rock harder than The Bends", thought most, "Throw in some 80's glam", hoped a select few. A couple of listens through Hail to the Thief, and you can dispel most of the predictions. In fact, instead of trying a drastic change in their

style, a la 'Kid A', Radiohead have done what few predicted and have stayed exactly where they are, and in typical Radiohead fashion, they've pulled it off magnificently. Without having the pressure of progression on their shoulders, the band seems more relaxed, together, and happy, and the album feels fresher than their two previous efforts. In turn, the songs reflect this feeling. The haunting piano of 'Sail to the Moon' blends perfectly with an ingenious guitar line to provide a near perfect landscape for Thom to lend his angelic vocals to, and it all combines to make one of the standout tracks on the album, if not their career. Wildly underrated in the past, Phil's drumming really stands out on this album, helping to take songs like 'There There' and 'We suck Young Blood' to the next level. The album has a very nice balance to it, with Radiohead dipping their toes into quite a few genres, yet making the album feel gelled. In many years time when everyone is forgetting who The Strokes were, 'Hail to Thief' will still be turning heads. Another jewel in Radiohead's crown.



Secretary review by Paul Farrelly

This is an unusual movie. Everyone I've talked to says it's very weird. One bloke went so far as to call it a 'a darkly comic depiction of power, desire and confusion', but he just wants to get a quote on the back of the DVD release. Lee Holloway (Maggie Gyllenhaal) has been released from a mental health institution and gets a job as a legal secretary. Her boss, E. Edward Grey (James Spader), is a straight-laced lawyer with a butt-slapping fetish. Their work environment is

initially uncomfortable but turns into a bizarre relationship with an alternating balance of power. Lee and Edward are both vulnerable and lonely, and switch between feelings of attraction to, and isolation from each other, all the while maintaining a healthy dose of sado-masochism. Gyllenhaal and Spader are on screen together for much of the movie. They are eminently watchable and elicit a chemistry that I haven't seen since Mr. Kleber blew up a jar of dry ice in year 7 science - intense, spectacular and memorable. They help make Secretary an oddly-coloured shining light of romantic comedy that radiates over the saccharine pools of bilge Hollywood is normally so adept at churning out. The humour in Secretary is very black and, generally speaking, hilariously subtle. At many stages throughout the flick, I could feel the audience wanting to burst out laughing, but not willing to offer much more than a muffled giggle. This is not the most PC movie doing the rounds right now. By the time you read this, Secretary will most likely have sadly disappeared from the big screen (it has, however, been running for nearly two months). So in a couple of months time you might want to watch it on DVD or video.



IF YOU THOUGHT YOU'D SEEN IT ALL...

ROSS MOLLISON PRESENTS

PUPPETRY OF THE PENIS

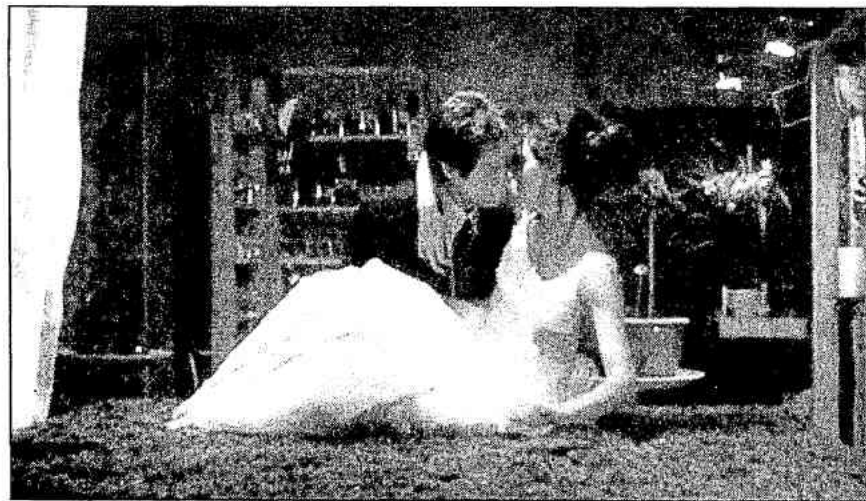
THE ANCIENT ART OF GENITAL ORIGAMI

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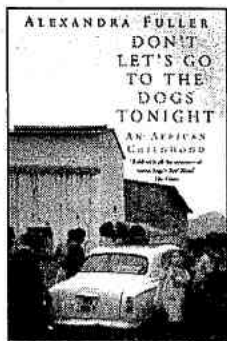
Said stuff includes CDs, Books and (if you're very lucky) videos and DVDs. Remember: No review, no keepie!



Everyone Deserves Music - Michael Franti and Spearhead
review by Paul Farrelly

As those who have seen them

live will testify, Spearhead are nearly untouchable on stage. This energy transfers seamlessly onto *Everyone Deserves Music*, where hip-hop, reggae, disco and funk flow together. Other tracks head down the laid-back acoustic road and are infused with contemplation and genuine soul. Guests like the velvet-tongued Gift of Gab (Blackalicious) and roots rocker John Butler mix with a bunch of strings players on a couple of songs to add a welcome layer to the sunny Spearhead sound. Franti's lyrical pedigree is unquestionable. Over the years he has proven himself to be able to craft rhymes that are concise, powerful and insightful. Unsurprisingly, the recent aggression in Iraq is the catalyst for much of his most recent offering. But rather than get caught up in the cycle of hate and misunderstanding, Michael Franti and Spearhead once again deliver their trade-mark message built around universal truths such as determination, peace and being excellent to one another. Those of you looking for something funky and fresh that isn't bogged down by the bloated egos and sterile beats that plague much of modern music may find *Everyone Deserves Music* to be to your liking. Once again Michael Franti and Spearhead effortlessly uplift, inspire and make you shake your moneymaker.

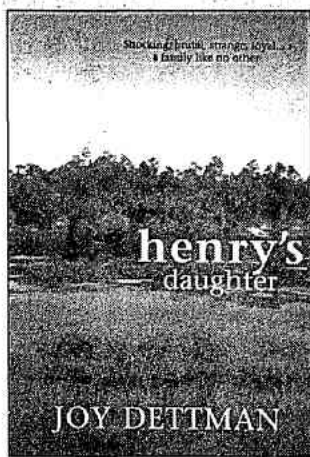


Don't Let's Go to the Dogs
Alexandra Fuller
Picadore, \$22.00

review by Lucy Clynes

The dilemma with autobiographies by people who aren't actually famous for anything is that they need to justify the writing of an

autobiography by demonstrating that while they themselves are not actually interesting, their circumstances or the context of their life is. Fuller establishes the context of her book well, she grew up in post-colonial Africa with her family who were poor (though comparatively wealthy) farmers. She talks openly about her mother's alcoholism and the deaths of her siblings. There is a lot of discussion of civil war minus the politics which gives the reader an interesting perspective on the personal effects of war. However, Fuller goes too far in trying to establish that even though she herself is not autobiography material, her circumstances are. What was needed at some point was a personal reflection by her as an adult on her experiences. For example, it was important to the story of the family to know whether she blamed herself for her sister's death. Never the less, this book is worth a look for anyone interested in Africa.



Henry's Daughter - Joy Dettman
Macmillan Press, \$30.00

review by Lucy Clynes

As a child I was a big Ruth Park fan and read all of the *Harp in the South* books at least three times so I tend to associate fictitious accounts of childhood poverty with children's literature which in turn means that I tend to question the value of this genre to adult readers because usually there is not a lot to be gained from these sorts of books, other than a good story. *Henry's Daughter* is a perfect example, a good story and an easy read but not much more. Joy Dettman has had five other books published, the most famous one being *Jacaranda Blue* and each is set in a small country town and depicts the power of the family unit over women. *Henry's Daughter* is the story of Lori Smyth-Owen, the only girl in a family of eleven and her determination not to let poverty

destroy her family. The children end up taking control of the house, *Lord of the Flies* style which could have led to some interesting moral dilemmas, had Dettman had the confidence to challenge her readers more. The children are (predictably) ragamuffins with hearts of gold and her father is small and spineless. The outcome is a novel which depicts poverty as a hard but charming way of life where Centrelink provides an endless source of money and lack of opportunity can be overcome by sheer hard work. That is not to say that *Henry's Daughter* is not without its merits. The story is well-told and quite absorbing with a good twist at the end. A twist so good in fact that it really should have had an extra chapter all to itself. This is the sort of book you find at a rented coast-house under the Scrabble set with the pieces missing, its a 'good read' and requires very little effort, which is a quality or a detriment, depending on your point of view.

The Russian Ark

Alekskurov

review by Fern Beavis

I was told before I saw this movie that it had no plot, no characterisation and it was difficult to understand just what its point was, apart from being a tour of an old Russian museum. Suitably warned, I did try quite hard to find a direction from the first moments when a bevy of 19th century beauties and their militia men tumbled from a street set through the snow into what appeared to be interminable underground passage ways towards.....what? The narrator was an invisible, disembodied voice who appeared confused as to how he came to be there. He grew less puzzled when a kindred traveller from another time, referred to as 'the European', became our guide as he followed the initial players deeper into the bowels of the building until we all emerged into the expansive rooms of the Hermitage Museum, St Petersburg. At this stage I submitted to the fact that this was a tour, room by room, each providing a snapshot of art and people from different eras. Catherine the Great, Nicholas II and his family, and a few key Russian courtiers/aristocrats of the 17-20th centuries made momentary appearances. Exquisite artworks were shown within the context of vast, ornately decorated rooms and corridors. Only afterwards, when I considered minutiae did I start to unravel the apparent enigma of this film: two dancers bumping into each other in a magnificent swirling scene of a ballroom; and, lights shining intrusively on large paintings as the cameras panned them. Yes, this is a tour of the Hermitage, but from those opening moments of be-feathered 19th Century girls, to the final seconds when the European gives us a last, thoughtful insight to mull over, this entire film has been made as one take! Considering the vast numbers of players and the dynamic scenes, that this film could have achieved a continuous flow without the cameras stopping once is nothing less than phenomenal. I have to go again!



Lovers - The Sleepy Jacksons

review by Adam Brodie

McKenzie

If you fancy many people singing "ahh" in harmony but

aren't to keen on Gregorian chant, then The Sleepy Jacksons debut album, *Lovers*, is for you. Never letting writer's block be their downfall, the Jackson use more "doo-doo's" "nah-nahs" and "ahhhs" than a barber shop quartet. The Sleepy Jackson are not just another "The" band that have been spawning over the last two years. The closest they get to this is their rocking single "Vampire Racecourse" which does not truly represent the broadness of their ability, even if full of onomatopoeic choruses. In fact the Jackson are surprisingly experimental. Their chaotic direction in each song is what makes it so appealing. Perhaps the most varied song is "Don't you know". It flows up and down, dark one second then sad then a childish poppy choral chorus and back again. "Morning Bird" is sung by a sweet discordant pre-teen girl making the song all the more sad and powerful. "Fill Me with Apples" also has cameo vocals with a computer voice similar to that of Steven Hawking. Such an effect is reminiscent of Radiohead's "Fitter Happier" only The Sleepy Jackson are being profound about...Apples? In fact you could compare The Jackson to Radiohead in their willingness to experiment. However, you could also compare them to Paul Kelly in "Rain Falls for Wind", and "Acid In My Heart" is like numerous country songs. In any case, if you are looking for music that experiments a little but still keeps the rock hooks coming then check out *Lovers*.



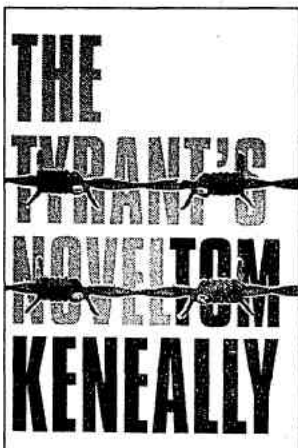
To celebrate the dawning of the awesome prequels to the Matrix, the Animatrix, and surprisingly, the equally awesome soundtrack, those lovely people at Roadshow music have given Woroni some Animatrix posters. To get your hands on this artistic wallpaper, simply write to Woroni and tell us how you think the 3rd movie, *Matrix Revolutions*, will end. Will the humans reign supreme? Are they in yet another Matrix? Will the sexual tension between Neo and Agent Smith finally be released? Entries should be no more than 150 words and written to woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au.

Everyone's a critic

THE SHIT HEAP

Welcome to the Hotel de Shit. Have you read/seen/heard/experienced something that was so shit that the campus deserves to be warned about it? Reviews are welcome on anything from bad songs to bad driving. This is where bad product and good publicity go to die.

woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au



The Tyrant's Novel

Tom Keneally. The Serpentine Publishing Co.

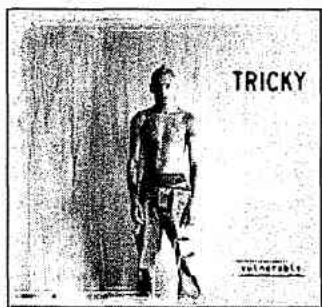
review by Katherine Urbanski

Tom Keneally is a man very much in touch with his social conscience. He is also a dedicated historian. Unfortunately, He just isn't a very compelling writer. To be fair, I approached The Tyrant's Novel warily, having been forced to study Schindler's Ark in Year 12. At that time I found it immensely frustrating that a story with such potential (the true story of a Nazi risking everything to save some Jews - imagine!) was written in such a wallowing, dull way. By the end, despite Oscar Schindler's heroics, you just wanted to slap him, and Tom, and everyone connected with the story. And it's the same with The Tyrant's Novel. The premise is that a refugee in an Australian camp is telling his story of life in

Iraq. Potentially, this could be one of those 'protagonist trapped in terrible society' type novels - like 1984, Brave New World, The Handmaid's Tale, or Anthony Burgess's 1985. And to be honest, this is a genre I love. To be fair, because the world in The Tyrant's Novel is based on that in Iraq, Keneally doesn't have total control over its creation - he can't use in a satirical way. Even so, the above novels give far greater an understanding of the societies and characters inhabiting them than Keneally is able to. Instead of allowing the reader to witness the cruelties of this society and come to their own conclusions, The Tyrant's Novel forces Keneally's own beliefs roughly and without the subtlety that made the books listed above great. I give this a 4/10.

Vulnerable

-Tricky
review by Adam Hornsey



Let me just start by saying I don't like many types of music, but even if I did, it is very unlikely I would enjoy Tricky's Vulnerable. Tricky has been publicised as a "musical chameleon", and like chameleons, he might be good at changing colour, but he doesn't make very good music. He has said that in this album "I've stopped hiding and I'm allowing people to see different sides of the real me." Obviously one of these sides is the one that can't produce music. Vulnerable could probably be best described as electronica/trip-hop, and at times, rap ("Ice Pick") and rock ("Where I'm From"). The album contains 13 songs that can be distinguished by their names and not much else. The album begins with the heavy beats and synthesised guitars and keyboards of "Stay", which also sets the tone for Tricky's singing, which is so low as to be unintelligible. It is possibly for this reason that Tricky, after recognising the crappiness of his singing, employed his assonantly-titled "chanteuse muse" to do most of it. This is possibly a blessing in disguise as, if I could understand Tricky, I would use his own lyrics out of context to ridicule him. The volumes of the instruments throughout Vulnerable are also wrong, as they overwhelm the singing throughout (not that this is worth hearing either). Possibly the only positive thing that could be said (or written) about Vulnerable is about the 12th song, which is a badly-done cover of "Wonderfully Pretty" - it could be said, but I certainly won't be saying it. The only thing that's tricky is finding anything positive to say about this album, and the only thing that's vulnerable is this album, to criticism. Many say Tricky's music defies easy categorisation, but with Vulnerable, the categorisation is easy - crap.

FREE STUFF!

Woroni has two copies of Thomas Kennealy's new book to give away. All you have to do is rush into the office and tell us which literary prize (rhymes with 'looker') Kenneally was awarded to win. It's first in best dressed so get runnin' to the SA building!

Old School

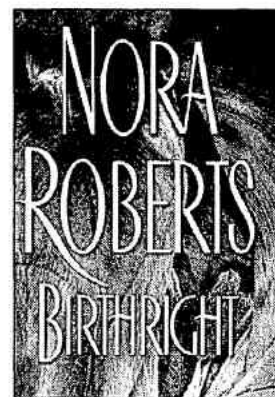
Todd Phillips
review by Felushka Young



I remember when I was thirteen, if I went to the movies at ye olde Hoyts Belconnen teamed with a trip to Intencity, the only movie we'd ever watch was the teen-flick. They were funny, sexy and created a Californian summer that Canberrans could only dream about. They allowed us to pretend we had proms, when in reality all we had were half-hearted dinner-dances, that we had a spunky, hunky big man on campus, when in reality all we had were 1000 screeching, giggly girls, and they made us believe that even the geeks could shine. Old School, the thirty something equivalent to the teen flick thus had potential. Fortunately, it failed, because after this effort, me and teen flicks are spent. It had the jock, the bitter geek turned bad guy, slapstick, cameo celebrity appearances, dance parties, kegs...you name any aspect of the traditional teen flick, and it was there. Only difference was that it was an older generation (Luke Wilson, Will Ferrell and Vince Vaughn starring), pretending they were still young whipper snappers. I accept that these types of films are always overdone, but this film ended up being a tedious and unmemorable trip down the scraps of the cutting room floor. Even more wrong, was the official website to the movie. Find it, be disturbed by the little animated naked Will Ferrell in the online game, Frank-The-Tank's-Streak-O-Matic, and it would appear that more time was spent creating this piece of procrastination than the actual movie.

Birthright

Nora Roberts
review by Jodie Smith



If you're after an easy read, then this book is for you. With a double spacing, simple language and a very simple, easy to follow and predictable storyline then this is book right up your alley. However if you prefer sophisticated and complex novels you cant put down, you should probably give this one a miss. The story doesn't go much beyond the blurb and the prologue with the two giving away the story. I waited throughout the novel's 466 pages for a twist or an unexpected complication that never came. The blurb tells us that Callie is an archeologist working on a new dig with her "irritating - but irresistible - ex husband", while dealing with secrets from her past. The prologue tells the story of a 3 month old baby stolen from a mall. It's not to hard to put two and two together and you've got your story. The book also promises to be about "shattering loss" and "shocking discovery" but for in my opinion did not deliver. I would be more inclined to call it a romance novel rather than an adventure/mystery. Some may call me cold hearted, not being touched by this novel about a daughter divided between her biological family (from whom she was stolen) and her adoptive parents, but I wouldn't be surprised if this novel fails to touch the hearts of those for whom its closest to home. If you're up for some quality holiday reading I suggest you look elsewhere.

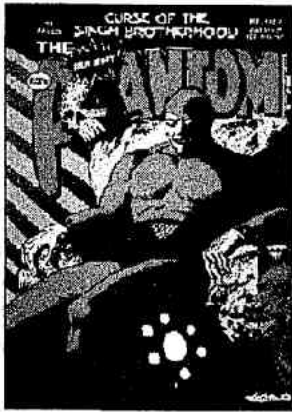
ANU's Reading Brick System

review by Thom Mackey

Bricks. Everyone loves bricks. They're not only a lot cheaper than textbooks, they've got that oldskool semi-underground indie photocopied charm, like the flyers that Pavement must have handed out for their first concert, or revolutionary newsletters that Che handed out in his early days. They tend to be more interesting and more relevant to the course than their professionally published counterparts. But why must they always be so late? I know lecturers are busy, busy people, but wouldn't it be nice if there was more than a week for everyone at uni to get their bricks? Call me crazy, but maybe if it was organised so that people could pay for and pick up their tomes of education about two weeks before the classes started then we wouldn't have to wait for generations to pay for them. There wouldn't be as much pressure on the poor faculty administrators to serve the six thousand eager students bustling at their door for those shiny new pretty-coloured time vampires. Make bricks available before semester starts! Lecturers, rise up and photocopy! Administrators, rise up and organise! Students, rise up and get to uni before classes actually start! To bricks, my comrades, to bricks!

Everyone's a critic

The Phantom



"Look beyond the purple jumpsuit to the soul beneath" – Old Jungle Saying

When I was eight years old the thing that most frequently caused me to part with \$1.50 of my pocket money was a man in a skin-tight purple suit. And I was not alone. The

legendary Mr Walker, the Ghost Who Walks, the Phantom... he who has many names and many homes but not, it seems, many clothes, reaches out to countless others like myself. The Phantom was *not* my hero (although coincidentally at the time I did have an entire wardrobe of fluorescent purple clothing) nor was he in any way a prepubescent heartthrob (ug – those diagonally striped undies). I just really liked his comics.

Someone I know described the Phantom as a ponce and accompanied that description with the phrase "The Hulk could kick the Phantom's ass any day". I think this highlights perfectly the subtle yet profound difference – superiority? – of the Phantom and the readers he attracts.

You see, unlike other comic heroes, the Phantom isn't a mutation in any way. He doesn't need radioactivity. He's just very highly trained and intelligent and really really good at stuff – mostly he's good at hanging out in the fictional Bengali Jungle until something requires his attention and disappearing mysteriously when his work is done. Though a lot of his fellow characters think otherwise, he is mortal. When one Phantom dies, his next of kin assumes the role and goes to have a long chat with his tailor.

Unlike other comics where the hero is unencumbered by family ties, the Phantom's ancestors and family are pretty prominent. Our Phantom (as opposed to his predecessors, who sometimes feature) married his sweetheart, Diana Palmer (now Palmer-Walker, she happens to be the Director of the Afro-Asian desk for the UN Division of Human Rights) and has twins (Kit and Eloise) who will succeed him to become joint holders of the Phantom title.

These characters lend much value to the stories. Sometimes there may not be any baddies at all and the plot focuses on human interaction – a rare thing in a comic – and is invariably sprinkled with Old Jungle Sayings to articulate moral points.

A lot of people, particularly hardcore parent-types, may believe that comics are the terrain of the proto-delinquent, the first step to finishing school illiterate and becoming as hirsute and socially incompetent as the comic salesman from *The Simpsons*. But for me, the Phantom and his mates were but one part of a broader reading schedule that consisted of nostalgic, moralising children's books few of which post-dated 1960.

While at times I remember getting a little bit freaked out by some of the werewolves, scarier tales had a classic ghost-story flavour. The

Phantom comics aren't dark. They have the same nourishing and old-fashioned feel to them as did the other books on my eight-year-old bedside table. Where Trixie Belden left off, the Phantom continued.

The Phantom's black brethren who also live in the Deep Woods and who often feature in the stories are now more empowered than they were in the un-PC early days (as are women, incidentally) and a more hardcore fan than I ever was told me that the Phantom found such favour in Papua New Guinea that the hooded 'Condom-man' contraception campaign was specifically based on the Phantom.

Most likely, the success of the Ghost Who Walks lies in how he beats up a lot of bad guys in much the same way as other heroes do, but at the same time as he is steely and cunning with comic-book wit, he is unassuming, he is kind, he likes animals (including his white horse Hero and grey wolf-dog Devil) and books (well, the chronicles of his forefathers). The Phantom is a human, cerebral, value-charged comic. He hasn't been superseded by later characters because in place of superpowers, he has soul.

- Jess Giovannelli



The Hulk

Long before Universal Pictures decided to green-light (no pun intended) a film about a nuclear physicist with "serious anger management issues", there existed a comic book by the name of *The Incredible Hulk*. In May 1962, Stan Lee and Jack Kirby unleashed their creation into the comic book universe. The cover of issue #1 asked us: "Is he man or monster, or...is he both?"

But did Lee and Kirby realise the phenomenon they were about to create as issue #1 hit the stands all those years ago? The Hulk would eventually star in his own television show in the 1970's (starring Bill Bixby as Banner and a green poster-painted Lou Ferrigno as Hulk), animated series and of course the recent movie adaptation.

However, the Hulk's 1962 incarnation, known as the Grey Hulk, only sustained enough reader interest to last a mere six issues. Unlike the Savage Hulk (the later, more familiar green version) Grey Hulk had a higher level of intelligence and appeared only at night. A sleep-deprived Bruce Banner was even able to control his transformation at times by exposing himself to certain levels of gamma radiation.

Evidently, though, this Frankenstein-esque anti-hero was not popular with 1960's fanboys, and the book was promptly cancelled.

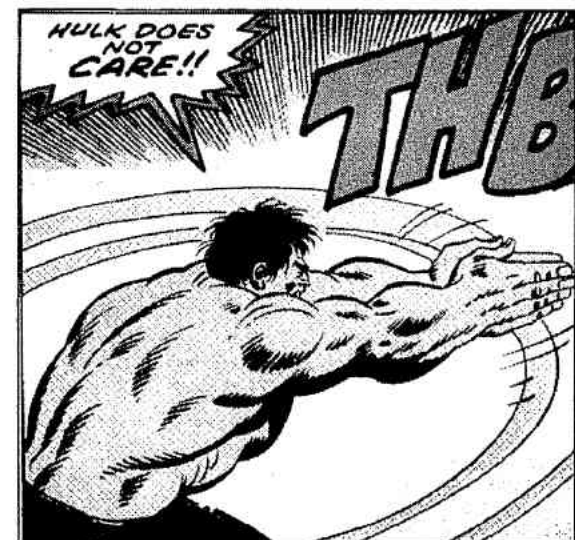
A few years later, a noticeably greener Hulk resurfaced in issue #60 of Marvel's *Tales to Astonish*. Comic fans evidently found a lot to like about this new version, and in 1968 the Hulk was once again published in volume two of *The Incredible Hulk*. This went on to become one of the most enduring Marvel comic book series ever, spanning five decades.

As a super hero, the Hulk is about as far removed from the traditional mould as you can get, without being classified as an outright villain. His indestructibility, coupled with his childlike intelligence, makes him an extremely formidable foe (or valuable ally) in any comic book showdown. He can withstand extreme temperatures, lift entire mountains, jump great distances, and, of course, smash puny humans. However he is not one hundred-percent indestructible. A near-hit with a nuclear warhead, for example, would injure him severely if not kill him. During the five-hundred (and counting) issue run of *The Incredible Hulk*, Bruce Banner's dark side has undergone various transformations and appeared with varying levels of strength and intelligence, from the original Grey Hulk to the Savage Hulk, along with other versions such as Mr Fixit and The Maestro.

But what is it that makes the Hulk such an enduring and identifiable character? Perhaps it is the fact that, despite his extreme strength, the Hulk has an inherent tragedy about him. What could speak to readers more than a well-meaning, yet angst-ridden scientist who despite his best efforts simply cannot control his emotions, and as a result becomes the living embodiment of his repressed rage? During his lifetime Bruce Banner has faced more hardship than seems humanly possible (we are talking comics after all), and all that emotional baggage only serves to fuel Hulk's rampages when somebody makes him mad...

While obviously having to simplify things to some extent, the film adaptation stays surprisingly close to the original material, choosing not to shy away from Bruce Banner's harrowed past or the circumstances under which he became cursed with the ability to become big, green and really scary. And hey, they even kept in the amazing expandable purple boxers, so it can't be all bad.

- Alice Allan



Cultish

Revenge of the Law Nerds 2003: This time it's personal...

COMPETITION!!!

Woroni is running a Competition to give away FREE tickets to Law Revue. We have two double passes to give away for each performance if you can think of an award that can be presented at the Lawgies and who it should be awarded to. Entries to woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au. Please submit your name and phone number. Enter now!

It was a cold night when Jennifer Patch, Basham and Brooke Horne downed a garbage bin filled with punch at the Law Revue 2002 cast party and agreed to direct Law Revue 2003. Some would say that they were trapped in the delirious mindset of post-performance euphoria, others would say they were drunk. But in the dank, sober light of morning, the verbal contract was still in operation. And they had twenty guesses who were not going to let them forget it.

The ANU Law Revue is the only revue left at ANU. It has a performance run of three nights in the Street Theatre. Its content traditionally involves skits about the Law School, politics, university life and television. Revues have a long tradition of acerbically relevant themes. Previous year's themes have included "Clerkemon" (about the yearly clerkship interview hell commonly known at law school and completely unknown everywhere else), "Big Harrister" (after Big Brother, of course) and "The Sound of Law" (not terribly imaginative, but you get the idea). This year's revue is to mirror the annual awards ceremony that everyone knows and loves. "The Lawgies".

When Woroni spoke to them, Brooke and Patch were very excited about the upcoming law revue. It took them a few months to get over the initial shock of their drunken agreement, but by summertime their livers had mended and they were well on the road to organising venues, ideas and meetings. The idea for staging an awards ceremony came quickly, and the pun-filled name arrived shortly after.

This year there will be a cast of 20, an orchestra of 15 from the School of Music, a band consisting of 5 law students, a backstage crew of six and a technical crew of 6. Lighting guru, Stephen Still, has been in it for the long haul and will celebrate his seventh bedazzling law revue this year. Veteran band, Callinan Stink, will no longer be gracing the stage with their upbeat pub crawl indie techno groove jive alterno sound attack, as most have graduated.

When we asked Brooke and Patch what sort of law students are attracted to performing Law Revue they responded, (Brooke) "Ones who want to ask questions in class but aren't smart enough." And (Patch) "No, people who see law as a back up career to their careers as comedians. And people who haven't done the reading."

The program for The Lawgie's reads like any awards ceremony. It will open with a huge cabaret number with a medley of songs including Frank Sinatra favourites and Mary Poppins' "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious." The presenters will be a spin-off of ABC's Kath and Kim - "Crean and Kim" as in Simon Crean and Kim Beazley. There will be an adaptation of a Chicago song called "Staffroom Tango" where lecturers gleefully give undeserving students fails and supplementary exams. The finale will be a Beatles Medley, and there will be more than a few surprises in store. Woroni wasn't allowed to spill the beans, but if you see the show you may be surprised to know how many rebel Chechnyans actually attend ANU Law School.

STOP PRESS!!!

A story so newsworthy it requires three exclamation marks in the headline has come to the attention of the Woroni team.

ANU Law School Dean stars on Who Wants to be a Millionaire!

The gloves were off on *Who Wants to be a Millionaire* when happy-go-lucky contestant, Jerry McBrien, was duped of \$32,000 in glorious tax-free prizemoney. Jerry was asked, "How many justices sit on the full bench of the High Court of Australia: (a) five; (b) seven; (c) nine or (d) 11? Mr McBrien locked in "(a) five", only to be told by Eddie that he was incorrect. There was swift media outcry with many "legal" "experts" suggesting that Jerry had answered correctly because there were two possible answers out of the four. Luckily for Jerry, he had a friend in ANU Law School Dean and Co-Editor of the Oxford Companion to the High Court of Australia, Michael Coper. The following week the ANU's own Professor Michael Coper was beamed live into the lounge rooms of many Australians who previously believed the High Court was only for drug prosecutions. When Eddie asked him for his legal opinion on whether Jerry had answered correctly, Professor Coper responded that while there are seven High Court Judges, a full bench actually comprises of "more than two". This trivial titbit earned Jerry another chance in the hot seat, where he promptly rose to \$64,000 but left with his original booty of \$32,000 after taking a chance on \$125,000. It takes a lot of guts to take on Channel Nine, so while Woroni congratulates you, Copes, we're a little concerned that Kerry might have your number.

A re-enactment of Dean Coper's splashy Channel Nine Debut.



Vox Pop!

Have you found Professor Michael Coper more startlingly attractive since his appearance on *Who Wants to be a Millionaire*?

He's much better looking than Eddie. Kate, 2nd Year Arts/Law

He reminds me of a young Harrison Ford. Patrick, 4th Year Science/Law

He's got the skills to pay the bills. Vincent, 3rd Year Engineering

I was watching *Hitler, the Rise of Evil Part 2*. Pippa, 1st Year Arts

Fuck, I hope that wasn't assessable. Gary, Mature age student

Yes. Yes I did. "Rupert" Random walking around Students' Association Building.

I thought that was Simon Crean. Gerry, 1st Year Arts/Law

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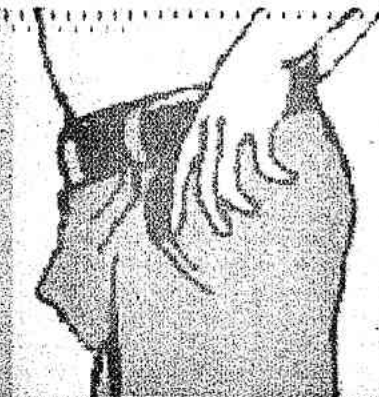
Semester 2 2003

Monday - Thursday	8.30am - 11pm
Friday	8.30am - 6pm
Saturday	1 - 5pm
Sunday	1 - 10pm

Opening hours for all Library buildings:
<http://anulib.anu.edu.au/libserv/open>

DIVISION OF INFORMATION





Dear Most Embarrassing Agony Aunt,

I have what, in these modern times, has been called "erectile dysfunction". For many men, particularly the more mature, this would mean a flaccid, under-performing and, well, entirely unsatisfying appendage of overused veins, skin and "bone". They have what medical types have called "impotency". I wonder if any of your readers can relate to my problem?

I read somewhere that men reach their sexual peak when they are 18. Women, apparently, get to their height at 32. I am 27 and for the life of me can't understand my erectile problem. You see, I am a walking right-angle...I have a third leg...a tripod...a ruler. I constantly and consistently have an ENORMOUS boner! It is, my ex-girlfriend noted, a serious case of hyper-potency. My pocket rocket is always primed and ready for action. At a hefty 16 inches, my love sausage is a much bigger meal than most strangers can stomach!

In lectures I cannot swivel the writing ledger over my lap because my "stationery" gets in the way. It is so huge that I get winks from older ladies and distraught giggles from first years. Should I just join the circus where I can be Crowned World's Biggest and Hardest dick?

C. Richard Stone
Biochemistry PhD

Dear C. Richard Stone,
First of all, I would like to know what C stands for. Is it CRAZY? You have been blessed with what most men and women would regard as a true gift, the ultimate weapon, and the greatest conversation starter at dinner parties. People like you should be proud when they walk past tables and knock off vases, can't find pants that fit and make old grannies look twice. And I believe that this is your very problem. No 27 year old man in his right mind would write to a student magazine to pronounce that he is embarrassed by his 16 inch boner. You are damn proud of it, otherwise you would never have written. It is your absolute pride that spurs your tripod into existence because you are thrilled every time you think of it, and this sexual energy stuffs your "love sausage" with all the offal of egocentrism. If you truly are embarrassed I can give you the number of a good doctor, but otherwise, stop complaining! You loser!

Love from MEAITWWW



Dear M.E.A.A.,

In first year I was a tad naive. In the group I joined there were a few nice young men. They always talked to me and when they saw me in the Refectory they always said "G'day". I went to all their events. Protests about African Pygmies and Chinese Restaurant Workers really got me going! There was just so much injustice in the world! I wanted to do something about it.

Late in first year the nice young men in the political group started to systematically hit on me. Every day and night they would hassle me, trying to get me to date them, kiss them and fuck them. Can you imagine? How could I resist this? Resistance, I told myself, was futile. It was like they forgot about the Pygmies and the Chinese. They forgot their Marx and Zinn...they just wanted to unleash themselves on me.

What was embarrassing was the change that occurred when I started requiting their urges. I'd let them have it at all times of the day. When I responded to their urgings they got disinterested in me, and the movement. They stopped coming to meetings and protests. One of them bought a Suzuki Swift. They lost their spark. Now when I see them around I regret that these young men lost their passion for revolution. Did I snuff out the candle of justice? Am I the most embarrassing girl in the world? What will the Pygmies say?

T.K.V
Science/Law III

Dear T.K.V.

The Pygmies will say, "Fuck you, you Commie". And they will be right. You need a reality check. You have destroyed a good revolution. You have to understand that Communists only want what they KNOW they can't have! They will never have communism and that is its appeal. GETTING communism is not the reason they joined a political group. It was all about a dream, an aspiration. They also had a dream about GETTING you. You gave in. They never really wanted you and now you know that. Get over yourself! You are an embarrassment.

Your Agony Aunt

Dear Most Embarrassing Agony Aunt
in the Whole Wide World,

My problem is one which has been with me ever since the Library was renovated. Renovations are a funny thing. People tend to think they mean upgrade. For me, the Library's "upgrade" has marked a most embarrassing turn of events. You see, when I ascend the stairs to the whizz-bang new second floor I feel queasy. Almost before I get to a cubicle to begin half an hour of idle time reading net classifieds I am overcome with an urge.

That urge is to urinate and urinate I do. Out comes a gushing torrent and before I know it I am rapidly wishing that I wasn't so addicted to net classifieds. I am expecting that any day now I will be counselled by the library staff for the puddles I create. A girl looked at me sitting in my puddle the other day and smiled. She then unzipped her jeans to reveal a pair of adult diapers. On the Simpsons these were marketed as "Depends". Can a self respecting 19 year old guy from the ANU's most prestigious Residential College get away with such get-up?

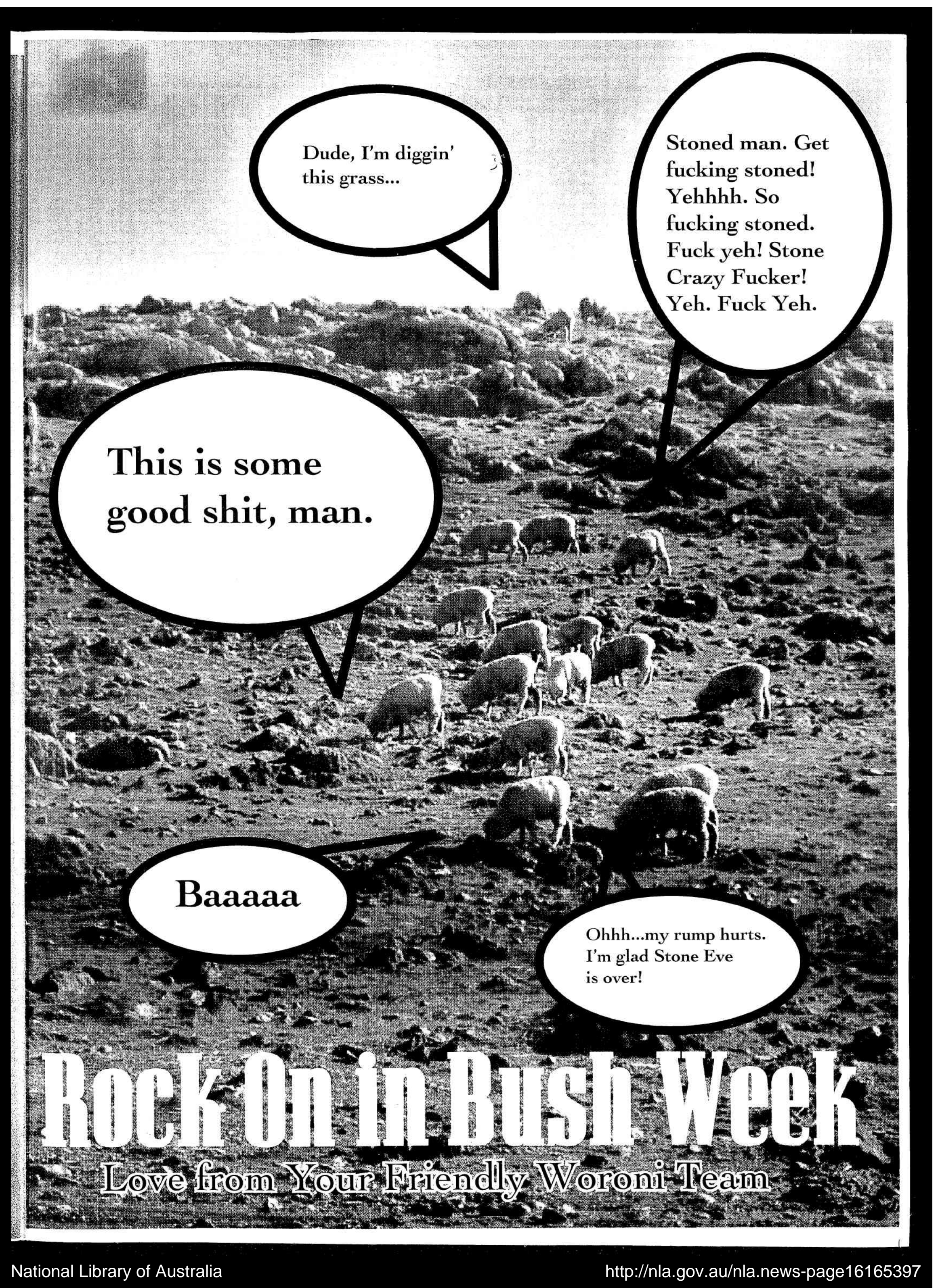
S.W
Fourth Year Arts/Science

Dear S.W.
I am assuming that you are male as I write this response. I really want to understand your problem, but I don't quite get how a grown university student such as yourself can waste your life reading net classifieds. There are a huge quantity of classifieds in solid newspaper form on any given day of the week. Monday gives us Computer Market Magazine, Tuesday gives us the under \$100 section of the Canberra times, Wednesday gives us Just Cars magazine, both the NSW and ACT/Southern NSW editions of the Trading Post come out on Thursday, and Plant Equipment Magazine comes out on Friday. If that isn't enough to sate your interest in classifieds then you deserve to wallow in a puddle of your own filth.

Yours Sincerely
MEAITWWW

Please send your most embarrassing letters and questions to woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au

Most Embarrassing Agony Aunt in the Whole Wide World



Dude, I'm diggin'
this grass...

Stoned man. Get
fucking stoned!
Yehhhh. So
fucking stoned.
Fuck yeh! Stone
Crazy Fucker!
Yeh. Fuck Yeh.

This is some
good shit, man.

Baaaaa

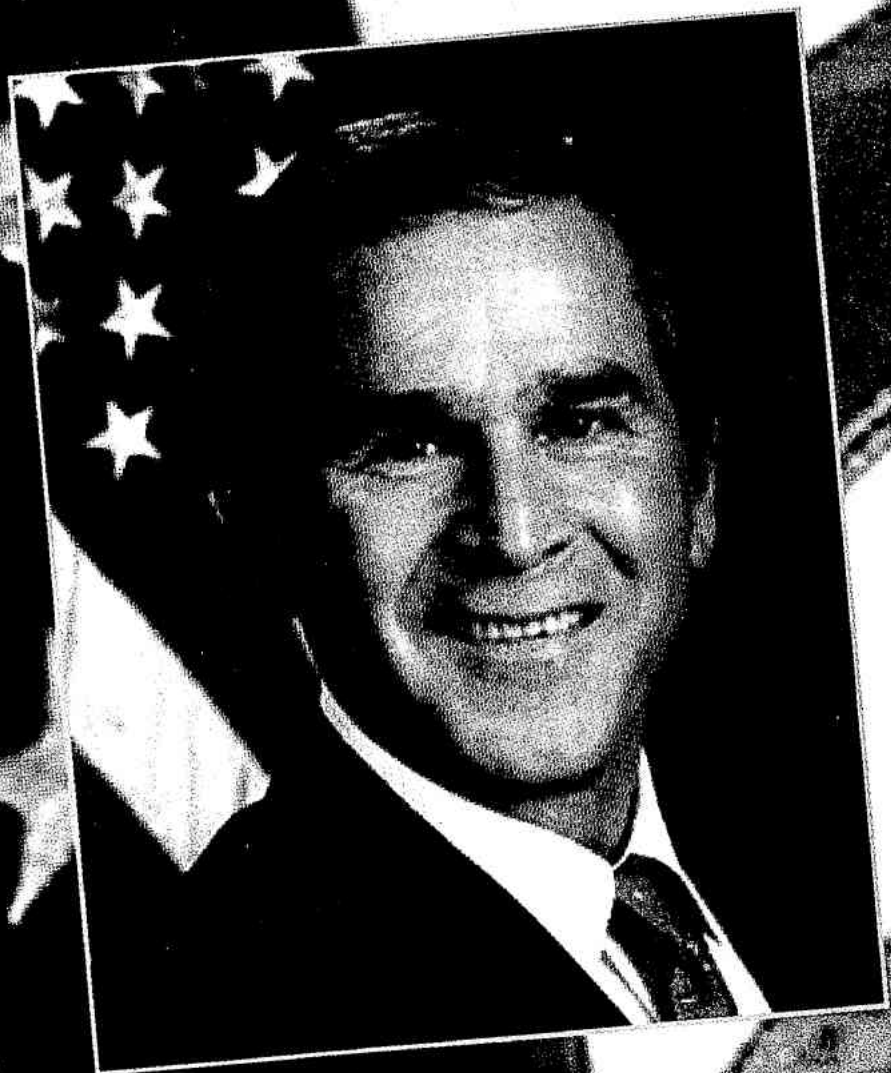
Ohhh...my rump hurts.
I'm glad Stone Eve
is over!

Rock On in Bush Week

Love from Your Friendly Woroni Team

Net
378.947
WOR

George W.
gives Bush
Week the
thumbs up!



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

28 July 2003

Dear ANU Students,

I am writing to thank you for naming your second semester party festival "Bush Week" in my honour. My alma mater, Yale, is yet to name a party week after me, but I continue to live in hope. I hope also, that one day I will be able to match your former Prime Minister, Rob Hawke's, yard-glass drinking record. I understand that it remains unchallenged in the 2003 Guinness Book of Records.

Speaking of Guinness, when I was recently in Nigeria, mrghamhhgaiiooi-uyijj.

I have been lucky enough to peruse the Bush Week Program, and heartily endorse Spa Wars, the Scavenger Hunt and the Foam Party. This way of life needs to be protected at all costs. Laura and I send our apologies as we will be unable to attend. Bloody sand monkeys.

As my daughters would say, cheers!

Sincerely,

George W. Bush